

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

[Election, Tuesday, Nov. 2, 1886.]

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.
JAMES S. ROBINSON.
JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.
MARSHALL J. WILLIAMS.
CHIEF OF SUPREME COURT.
URBAN H. HILSTER.
COMMISSIONER OF COMMON SCHOOLS.
ELI T. TAPPAN.
MEMBER BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.
WILLIAM H. HAHN.

COUNTY TICKETS.

FOR AUDITOR.
IRA CHILDER.
OF Marion.
FOR COMMISSIONER.
L. A. MERCHANT.
OF Marion.
FOR INFIRMARY DIRECTOR.
JOHN McELVY.
OF Salt Lake.
FOR CORONER.
DR. F. W. THOMAS.
OF Marion.

Now is the time for the earthquake prognosticator to loom up. Some crank who can foretell the great shakes will be in great demand hereafter.

A GREAT many papers are asking whether the democratic party is satisfied with Cleveland or not. None ever think to ask if Cleveland is satisfied with the democratic party.

The Mansfield Herald is making an effort to crush the Commercial Gazette out of existence because that paper ventured to offer a little good advice. The Commercial is still published, however.

Old Vesuvius with her frightful eruptions, earthquakes in Greece and America, and one hundred tons of powder and dynamite exploding at Chicago, ought to furnish old mother earth with all the shaking she needs for a little while.

The associated press dispatches from Charleston, S. C., this afternoon contain more horrible details than ever. The result of the earthquake in that beautiful southern capital is awful in the fullest meaning of the word, and the city is completely ruined. The naval department of the government has sent aid and shelter.

GLADSTONE, the "old man eloquent," seems to lose none of his wonderful strength or devotion to the great cause of Irish home rule. True as the just man, described by Horace two thousand years ago, "should the shattered firmament fall its ruins would strike him fearless." Any age in the history of man might well be proud of him. Fame will take care of his name and liberty will embalm his memory in the hearts of grateful millions in every country where men love justice and hate oppression.

While Charleston, S. C., is the chief sufferer from the earthquake, the whole North American continent was shaken up except the Pacific slope. The shock was hardly perceptible west of St. Louis, and not at all west of the Rocky mountains. While theorists are at work on causes and the telegraph wires are flushing the effects, statistics are also interesting showing that there were fifty-nine earthquakes in the United States and Canada last year and 361 in the past twelve years, but there never was any so general as that of Tuesday night. Terrible as are the scenes of Charleston, with less than twenty killed and several millions of property destroyed or damaged, it is not to be compared to such historical events as the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, when the greater part of the city was destroyed and 60,000 inhabitants perished within six minutes. While the recent earthquake was felt over a larger territory than ever before, it was comparatively a gentle shake. Journal.

The republican governor of Ohio, J. B. Foraker, last spring recommended to the republican rump legislature that the farming lands of the State be re-appraised at a higher rate of valuation for taxation, to increase the revenue of the State. The republican administration in this State want more taxes paid in because they have bankrupted the treasury and were compelled to borrow \$500,000, for which the money shanks made them pay \$15,000, besides the interest, and they must tax the people heavier to pay it back. This is one of the results of their stealing the legislature. The senate was an illegal body, and the act passed by it authorizing the loan was illegal, consequently the money lenders made them pay \$15,000 for their whistle. The Mirror.

The Mirror insults every intelligent reader it has when it publishes such flagrant political lies as the above. The Mirror seems to know the State was bankrupted, and rather than attempt an explanation that would exonerate the former democratic administration it screws down its conscience and writes the above. We had hoped the time had come when political misstatements would be less frequent, but such brazen-faced lies this early in the campaign has dispelled all our hopes.

There doesn't seem to be a great deal in county fairs, but they draw the people together more successfully than any other agency that exists. It would require quite a long search to find a family that did not figure on being represented.

SENATOR Allison, of Iowa, is mentioned as an available candidate for the presidency on the republican ticket. He has been in congress for twenty-one years, eight in the house and thirteen in the senate, and is considered a very able man. Above all such recommendations appears the fact that he is an Ohio man and resided in the Buckeye State until 1857.

The two parties have chosen their executive committees and in a few days the campaign will be on. W. S. Cappellet, of Mansfield-Cincinnati, has been placed in command of the republican hosts, and Hon. Henry Buhl, of Marietta, will look after the interests of democracy in spreading campaign truths. Both men are capable hustlers and the campaign will, no doubt, be full of life and interest. The prohibitionists have announced no committee that we have heard of, but they are organized and working the year 'round. It is a very frigid day when the political prohib. isn't making his fennec for an office.

SOME republican papers have stooped so low already in the campaign to bring up a social scandal against McBride. Just how low some partisan journals would go to injure a candidate of the opposition is hard to determine, but they don't stop much short of the sewer-pipes of Hell when there is hope of finding anything to satiate a depraved appetite there. They are worse than the God-like old woman that does nothing but watch her neighbors to see that they do right while her own sins are neglected. The people had enough of social scandal for political purposes in the last presidential campaign.

EASTERN papers rather disdainfully turn up their very beautiful noses at the newly appointed public printer, Mr. Benedict, because he emanates from the north country press. The Mansfield News rises to the defense of the country editor. In his rough-and-tumble tussle with delinquent subscribers, his catch-as-catch-can contest with adverse fortune, and his great contortional act of making both ends meet, it is safe to assume that Mr. Benedict has gone through an experience eminently qualifying him to manage the public printing office economically and with true Jeffersonian simplicity so that "long primer" will not be estimated by "brevier" measurement, and typographical tourists will not walk away with the office stove. The appointment of Mr. Benedict is in keeping with the administration, the head of which has not long been known to fame.

Wants It Explained.

ED. STAR.—In yesterday's issue you published part of an editorial from the Mirror and characterized all the statements made in it as "lies," without attempting to offer a particle of proof. You say: "We had hoped the time had come when political misstatements would be less frequent, but such brazen-faced lies this early in the campaign has dispelled all our hopes." As a reader of republican as well as democratic papers, and judging for myself—now if you will prove that Gov. Foraker did not send the legislature a special message recommending that an act be passed authorizing the re-appraisal of real estate, etc., and bills were not offered, and are still pending in that body covering his recommendation, and that the State did not borrow \$500,000, for which it was compelled to pay \$15,000 and interest, and that the republican managers did not bankrupt the treasury, you can call on me for a new hat. It is very easy to assert that the statements referred to in the Mirror are lies, but to prove them as such is another matter. Democratic readers won't thank you for making such broad assertions without any backing of proof. A Democrat.

The writer of the above is one of the State's staunch friends, and while we rather dislike to enter a political discussion we cheerfully set forth our reasons for characterizing the Mirror statements as a brazen-faced political lie.

We commented on the quoted statements as a whole and can see no reason for abating a single statement. The article tended to combine the facts of the bankrupted treasury, the recommended increased valuation of property and the state loan for the purpose of laying a case of miserable mismanagement at the republican door. It is true that Gov. Foraker recommended a higher valuation of real estate and it is true that the Foraker administration borrowed \$500,000 shortly after coming into power and paid nearly \$15,000 for the same. But why? The Hoards administration had been a lavish in State expenditures and had created new debts without the necessary provision for paying the same that when the republican officers succeeded them it was found that the State treasury didn't contain enough funds to meet the government expenses two weeks. The State treasury actually had to close his office and suspend the payment of orders. Now who bankrupted the treasury? There isn't a man in Ohio who can pretend to deny this state of affairs. What was to be done? Why, the republican admini-

stration, with the legislative authority questioned, made a loan of \$500,000 at LESS THAN THREE PER CENT. to replenish the treasury. Our democratic friend admits this.

Now as to Gov. Foraker's recommendation of an increased valuation. He gave such official advice and we cannot doubt its wisdom. Besides increasing the revenue to make up the democratic loss it would make the system of taxation more just. Personal property was paying an over burden of taxation. The land owner was paying tax on just half the value of his land while the poor man was paying on the full value of his chattels. The bondholder was paying tax on the full value of his bonds and to even up matters really needed a higher valuation.

Whether these statements will satisfy our friend we do not know. We do know that the Mirror spoke a flagrant untruth when it said the republican party bankrupted the treasury and what was said about the loan and Foraker's recommendation was so expressed that they give an entirely different meaning to the facts than what they really are. It was an article intended to deceive rather than enlighten, and bore the imprint of the campaign resort to write for effect without a trace of fairness or truth as a whole.

STATE.

Canton is to have a new opera-house. Frankfort, prohibition by 66 majority. M. E. Conference began Wednesday at Piqua.

At Lima, 118 oil wells produce 3000 barrels daily.

Alliance is mad. She didn't get a hint of the earthquake.

Nine weeks have passed since the Urbana jail has had a prisoner.

Mixed school fight at Springfield. Colored children barred out.

Joseph S. Walker 80 has married Letha M. Cline, 23, at Wilmington.

Mrs. Williamson, of Warren, supposed to have been murdered by tramps.

At Wooster, Charles Ackerman, 6, had his skull fractured and will die.

New London has pronounced in favor of prohibition by the vote of 134 to 2.

A soldier named Richardson of Milton, Trumbull county, has received \$11,764 back pension.

Mrs. B. F. Rush suicided at Columbus with morphine. Premature delivery caused insanity.

The monthly report of the Lima oil field shows an average production of 3000 barrels daily.

There is an infirmity well in the Findlay gas and oil field. Paupers seldom strike it very rich.

Oberlin felt the earthquake and thought she felt like she had eaten green apples that would not digest.

William Warder, a millionaire manufacturer and pioneer citizen of Springfield, is dead at the age of 65.

Lewis Carrollton, of Hamilton county, paroled from the Pen., August 10, re-arrested for violating his parole.

The annual conference of the M. E. church began its session at Piqua Thursday. Bishop Walden presided.

One Harris, of Youngstown, is gunning for "Shanty" Davis, of Lafayette, Ind., who eloped with Harris' wife.

Findlay population has increased so rapidly that the local politicians are puzzled about the vote of the newcomers.

Tiffin court house pump is out of repair and the citizens are kicking because they have to drink hydrant water or beer.

Alonso Swalley, Carrollton duke, stole \$20 to buy a new suit. Got jailed and will hereafter continue to stand off the tailor.

A granite quarry has been discovered near McComb in Hancock county. There is considerable excitement over the find.

The engine in Heahler's grinding mill at Tiffin "ran away," causing one of the stones to burst, and wrecking the interior of the mill.

Becco Kearsley was married at Bucyrus Wednesday. Her uncle gave her \$5000 as a present suggesting that it would "come handy for pin money."

Wooster—James A. Ogden, the leading clothier here, made an assignment today to J. W. Nimmons. The assets and liabilities have not been ascertained yet.

The Cincinnati Industrial exposition opened in the Queen City Wednesday, in a very auspicious manner. It promises to be a greater success than any exposition of former years.

Prof. Hearne, spiritualistic swindler, Akron, was secretly using a knife to cut ropes that bound him, and by some slip severed an artery in his wrist, gave the whole show away and caused great excitement.

An effort is being made to establish water-works in Pomeroy, the Pomeroy Water company agreeing to build, maintain and operate water-works for \$1500 per year from the corporation and what can be had from the citizens.

Tuesday night, about midnight, the house of Wm. Balcock, known as the "Ewing property," was burned to the ground, at Cardington. The contents were nearly all saved. The family were away from home, and the origin of the fire is unknown.

The barn of Stephen Lisle, a farmer near Millersburg, was totally destroyed by fire at one o'clock Wednesday morning, together with all his grain and hay crop and farming implements and three head of horses. Loss \$1,500, insurance not reported; supposed incendiary.

The New Moorefield people who had charge of the boarding tent and restaurant at the Urbana camp meeting took in \$3000; of this amount \$100 was clear gain. This will enable them to wipe out the debt of their church. The congregation has built a new church out of the receipts of the boarding tent.

The surviving members of the Fifty-seventh O. V. I. held a reunion at Lima and elected the following officers: Owen Francis of Lima, president; S. T. Windgarter of Herford, first vice president; A. E. Matvin of Findlay, treasurer; L. L. Parker of Ottawa, secretary; John McInure of Little Rock, Ark., orator, and Samuel Heinger of Vauke, chaplain.

Millersburg—Farmers west of town are much alarmed over the frequent fires in their midst. An effort will be made to detect the fire bugs. The barn of Christian Beachy, east of here, was burned a day or two ago; loss \$5,000; also the barn of Jonas Amstutz, near Frederickburg; loss \$2,000. The people of Nashville will, on September 6, vote on the question of prohibition in their village.

Columbiana—The third reading of an ordinance to prohibit the sale of all intoxicants in this town, came up in regular order at the meeting of the Council last night. In the face of confident expectation, and in spite of a definitely expressed opinion, the ordinance was tabled.—The reunion of the Forty-first Regiment O. V. I., which occurs here September 28, 29, and 30, promises to be an event of interest and importance.

There is but one life convict in the penitentiary in solitary confinement. He was sent there from Clermont county in 1867. Recently he has been allowed to enlarge his cell by taking out a partition and the addition has been converted into a workshop, where he repairs machinery, earning at least \$20 per month for the State. This may not be strictly in conformity to the generally accepted meaning of "solitary confinement," but it is both humane and profitable and consistent with modern sentiment on the subject.

In an interview at Tiffin, Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, said regarding the political prohibitionists who have been attacking his methods: "They are after office more than they are temperance—they are more anxious to obtain political power than to save the drunkard. They hate the saloon-keeper, they hate the bar-tender, they hate the men who will not abstain from drink, and hate those who do abstain but disagree with their methods; in fact, they hate everybody who will not go with them into politics—politics it must be and nothing else."

Newark—William Clements, B and O brakeman, while throwing a switch in the north part of this city Thursday, was struck by an engine and knocked down, sustaining a broken leg. His life was saved by a miracle.—Suit was entered today by James Johnson against Hugh McDonald, sheriff, R. M. Patterson, prosecuting attorney, John Lack, and Robert Scott, all of Cambridge. Guernsey county, for \$5,700 damages for conspiracy, false imprisonment, and oppression under color of office. This suit is the result of Johnson's long confinement illegally in the Cambridge jail. The barn of M. Farnsworth, four miles west of here, burned. Loss about \$3,000.

HOW OHIO FELT IT.

Reports of How the Earthquake Affected Various Towns in the Buckeye State.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 1.—The earthquake arrived here on time from the Northwest and passed off in a southeasterly direction. There were two distinct vibrations. Several miniature quakes occurred at the theatres. At Harris' museum the play was stopped and the cry of "fire" raised. The people rushed to the doors and the gallery swayed very perceptibly. There was also a panic at the Grand opera house though no one was hurt. At the Commercial Gazette office a compositor leaped from the fifth story to a one-story building below, but miraculously escaped injury. On the streets women fainted, young girls screamed and parties of promenaders rushed in every direction.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 1.—At about 9:20 local time, Tuesday night, a perceptible shock of earthquake passed over this city. At the issue avium the main building moved perceptibly and a rumbling sound was heard. Shutters slammed and the chandeliers swayed to and fro. Pictures swung from their positions at the blind asylum and rocking chairs were set in motion. Dr. Scott, of the State university, said there were three separate shocks. In the Hughes block where a number of families reside, a perfect stampede ensued, but no one was hurt.

ZANESVILLE, O., Sept. 1.—Chandeliers away like reeds bent by the wind and hotel guests scampered out into the middle of the streets for safety during the shock here. A meeting of the Patriotic Sons of America adjourned without an appeal to the chair and persons on the streets clung to fences and trees for safety.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 1.—The shock turned things topsy-turvy here for a few minutes, and the people began to think another democratic State convention was coming. Several people rushed from Memorial hall, where a law and order meeting was being held.

MASSILLON, O., Sept. 1.—Every house in Massillon shook like a man seized with Toledo ague. The people took to their heels and rushed to the middle of the streets. It took several drinks to allay the excitement of some of the more nervous.

DAYTON, O., Sept. 1.—Nine distinct shocks were felt here Tuesday night, and buildings vibrated several inches. There was much excitement and two lodges of Odd Fellows let the goat loose and took to the stairs for safety.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Sept. 1.—The earthquake shock was perceptible here, especially at the telephone exchange. The operators dropped their instruments in the midst of important conversations and took to the streets.

LIMA, O., Sept. 1.—The earthquake shock swayed a hammock, containing a young couple, at least four inches, and made them both very tired in their stomachs. Buildings shook perceptibly.

WELLSFORD, O., Sept. 1.—The citizens of this place thought all Huron county was on route to attend the congressional convention and nominate Judge Wickham. No lives were lost.

CASTON, O., Sept. 1.—Hotels swayed to and fro and the occupants rushed into the streets during an earthquake shock here, Tuesday night. Some people felt four distinct movements.

MANSFIELD, O., Sept. 1.—John Sterman is home and the earthquake met such a chilling reception that it hastened away without lingering long.

WARREN, O., Sept. 1.—Warren people were badly frightened by the shock here, which caused much excitement but did no injury.

OKERLY, O., Sept. 1.—Oberlin felt just as though she'd been eating green apples and they didn't agree with her.

ATTACK, O., Sept. 1.—Way behind the times. Didn't have a bit of a shake.

Two Sides of City Life.
It was one of the hottest of the recent everily hot afternoons that a reporter, waiting near the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue, amidst briefly and unintentionally at a meeting between two friends. Both were ladies of markedly bearing, comely, well dressed, presumably intelligent, and this is what they said two feet away from him:
"What dreadful weather."
"Not so hot as yesterday, do you think?"
"It seems so to me."
"I judge more by Nan, my dog's feelings, really, than my own."
"Oh, yes, poor little creature. She must suffer this weather."
"She felt yesterday's heat more than any day yet. Why, I had her in the coolest room in the house and then fanned her most of the day."
Here the reporter's car fortunately bore him away. A half hour later his way took him through one of the streets of the hospital district in upper Lexington avenue. It was dispensary day at one of these excellent institutions, and the block was crowded on the shady side of the street with waiting mothers bearing in their arms the sick babies whose little lives were weakly gasping out under the accumulated burdens of stifling heat, scant nourishment, and the polluted air of crowded tenements. The sight was pitiful—the weary, hopeless expression of the women, and the pale, sodden faces of the babies, who lay most of them with closed eyes and hanging, nerveless hands. In forcible contrast rose the spectacle of an enervated pug lolling on its cushion in a cool, airy room, while its devoted mistress tirelessly waved the refreshing palm-leaf before its wrinkled and expressive countenance.—New York Times.

Indians at Haskell Institute.
The native traits pre-eminently still, although they are far from their tribal influences. Stolidism is a marked quality, and one that has come to them from their ancestry, and is not the result of teaching. "They never cry out," said the superintendent, "however much they may be injured. Yesterday that boy there ran a pitchfork through his foot. It must have been intensely painful, but he never even whimpered. His wound must hurt today, but he sat work from his own choice, and there is no expression of suffering on his face. That other boy with his leg done up in bandages, a day or two since spilled a pan of scalding water over his leg, and must have suffered immeasurable pain; but he gave no sign, and has voluntarily gone on with his work as usual. The sick in the hospital are equally stoic to pain; no matter how much they suffer, they endure it like sick dogs. In his agony a sick boy will bite through his lips, and never allow a sound to escape him. They take their medicine quietly and always as if grateful for the service."
In speaking of the sick, the superintendent remarked that the main diseases with which they are attacked are scrofulous in their nature, and that they have a tendency to weak lungs, with the consequence that the deaths are large—nearly or quite 30 per cent of the whole—and that they die rapidly and with apparent ease.—Lawrence (Kan.) Cor. Chicago Times.

Nicknames for German Regiments.
To take the collective list first, the guards are designated "Hammel," or sheep. The cavalry christen the infantry, as a body, by the alternative names of "sand-hares," "sand-carriers," and "clod hoppers." The infantry invariably speak of the cavalry as "grooms." The guards call soldiers of the line "field rats." The cuirassiers are known as "four sacks," the hussars as "pack-trucks," the artillery as "cow-soldiers," and the pioneers as "mules." Coming to separate corps in the guard, the first regiment of foot are called "tin heads," because of the color of their helmets; the first grenadiers are the "potato peelers," the chasseurs are "green frogs," and the hussars are "glow-worms," the uniform of the first being green, and that of the second scarlet. The third uhlands are "dusties," because of the dull yellow of the facings on their tunics, and the pioneers are "earth-worms." In the infantry of the line the men of the Eighth are "cracknel guard," an allusion to the yellow knot of their epaulettes, and those of the Twenty-seventh are the "botchers," because they are said to patch their uniforms almost as long as they will hold together. In the cavalry the Seventh cuirassiers are the "whitesmiths," the first hussars are "death's heads" (their shako bears this emblem); the Fourth hussars are the "patridges," so called on account of their brown uniforms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Indifferent to Our Antiquity.
The United States alone has been comparatively indifferent to her own antiquity. Mr. Peabody left sufficient endowments, whose legitimate purpose would seem to be to collect and preserve American antiquities; but neither in Salem, Cambridge nor New Haven is there any remarkable collections of the wonderful remains of extinct races discovered on our own soil. The remarkable private collections existing are being gradually removed to Europe, so that now, it is said, a student who would know thoroughly what American antiquities are must visit certain private English collections in provincial towns of Great Britain. One exception alone must be made, the Smithsonian collection at Washington, but even this admirable collection is not complete.—Boston Budget.

Thackeray's Lack of Literary Youth.
It is noteworthy that Thackeray, in a literary sense, has no youth. His literary youth was probably consumed, like that of his own Philip, in the drudgery of a back Paris correspondent of newspapers. When Thackeray comes before us as an author, we find in his great work the calm and force, the repose and simplicity of a master. Carlyle, though scarcely in a merely literary sense, had no youth; but of his case we can judge fully, owing to the labors of the biographer, while of Thackeray we possess no biography, and have to piece together, when we would study his life and himself, mere hints and glimpses.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Changes of the Alpine Glaciers.
The glaciers of the Alps have been found by Forel to change in size quite regularly—a period of growth of fifteen to thirty years being followed by a corresponding period of diminution. The increase seems to coincide with periods of cold and wet years, and the decrease with periods of warm and dry seasons.—Arkansas Traveler.

Marie Van Zandt, the Singer.
Marie Van Zandt, the American prima donna, is undoubtedly suffering from paralysis, though her friends have been reluctant to face the conclusion. It is no longer expected that she will recover. She is nursed devotedly by her mother at Vichy.

Venezuela has been favored with blue and rose-colored hailstones.

LONELY.
Hast thou not felt the impotence
Of words and all expressive art
Thine own soul's burning thought un-
dimmed.
To brand upon another heart?
Hast thou not feared thy soul must ever
be
Sadly unknown to those most dear to
thee?
I doubt not, angels, when they go
On missions they deem far away,
Look back upon our Universe
And see, far down their starry way,
The loving arms of Sirius and the Sun
So close embracing that they seem
one.
'Tis so we learn to value love:
Far up youth's starry path we see
Hearts reaching to unite in one.
But, oh, a vast infinity
Of space impassable disparts them far,
And makes each soul as lonely as a star.
—Marc Lewis in The Current.

The "Fresh Air Fund" Children.
We have heard a great deal in the city about the Fresh Air Fund, and what fine charity it is to take the city children from their homes in the great tenement houses to room awhile and pick flowers in the green fields and broad pastures of the country. Most poetical do the agents grow when soliciting the farmers to take for a visit two or three of these children, who have never breathed anything but the smoke impregnated air to be found in narrow streets and alleys. At a gathering of the farmers and their wives the other evening, I was amused to hear their version of the good which results to these theoretically grateful children. The recent requests of the agent of the Fresh Air Fund were under discussion.
"Wall, I don't like to refuse 'em," said one kindly man.
A bright, sharp-eyed woman replied: "Neither did I once, but after three years' experience I have concluded that the children care about as much for the fresh air of the country as I do for grass to eat. You can't get them out to pick daisies and buttercups; they persist in staying in our woodshed to play jackstones, and might as well have fresh air there in that woodshed."

"I left the men to attend to the oats," said a sun-bronzed man, "and took the children at my house to ride, thinking they might enjoy it. I put 'em in the back of the spring wagon, and after going about a mile I looked to see how made 'em so quiet, expecting they were overcome by the beauty of the scenery, and bless me if the whole four of 'em wasn't fast asleep."

"Well, I can't see for the life of me," continued a shrill-voiced woman, "why the city folks can't entertain some of our children. We have got hosts of 'em who have never been to the city, and they would feel it a great privilege to see the fine buildings, the pictures, and the statues, the street cars, and the fountain which, of course, they have no idea of. believe turn about would be fair."

These remarks were received with good natured laugh, which ended all further discussion on the subject.—Washington Co. (N. Y.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Jenner and His Great Discovery.
Although Jenner was 49 years old before he made vaccination known to the world, the subject had attracted little attention when only a youthful apprentice to a country surgeon. He was convinced that the most effective method of curing cow-pox and small-pox were capable of improvement, and he set himself to study the nature of the disease. But many years after his opinions were known to the medical faculty they were contemptuously scoffed. He had first all to prove, contrary to the prevalent belief, that what was called cow-pox was not a certain preventive of small-pox. Then he had "to trace out the nature of the difference in the diseases to which cows are subject, and to ascertain which of them possessed the protective virtue against small-pox."

After repeated failures he made the grand discovery that it is "only in a certain condition of the pustule that the virus is capable of imparting its protective power to the human constitution." It was on the 14th of May, 1796, that he first put his theory to the test by transferring cowpox by inoculation from one human being to the other. It was two years later, however, before his famous "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ" was published. Here Clive was the first London doctor to do the thing to the test, and he is credited with performing the first successful vaccination in London. Other cases followed, and Lady Frances Morgan (afterward Lady Dufferin) was the first lady to rank to have a child vaccinated.—All Year round.

New Ocean Telegraph Circuit.
A new enterprise has just been organized in New York for the construction of a direct cable from this port to Venezuela and Brazil. It is called, in honor of the emperor, the Pedro Segundo American Telegraph and Cable company, and started out with a capital of \$2,500,000. The perial government of Brazil and republic of Venezuela have both granted very favorable concessions to the new company. Its cable will be over 4,000 miles long, is being constructed in England.
The cable will begin at Viscu, on coast of Brazil. It will touch at Cayenne, French Guiana, and will connect with the land lines of Venezuela at the mouth of the Orinoco river. The cable will follow the coast, connecting with Caracas and other important points. From Venezuela it will be carried to Port au Prince, Hayti, now without cable connection, thence directly to New York.—Selden American.

Branding Cattle on the Plains.
Some of the owners bunch their calves and drive them to their range there to be branded after the round of over. If the number of grown cattle branded is large, they are either driven home or branding pens are built for purpose. In the latter case, instead of being lassoed and thrown down to branded, the cattle are driven through "chute"—a narrow passage between high-planked fences, just wide enough to pass. Here, as the steer or goes by a certain point, it is held fast moment, and a hot branding-iron pressed against its side. The animal lows with pain, a slight smoke follows the application of the iron, a score of small of singeing hair and sizzling is perceived, and the victim passes on way, bearing the clear design of a brand on its sides.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Making Solid Carbonic Acid Gas.
The manufacture of solid carbonic gas has become a settled industry in lin. It is put up in small cylinders, if kept under pressure will last some—that is, a cylinder one and one inches in diameter and two inches will take five hours to melt away in gas.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

It was a beautiful and still evening toward the end of summer, when in the course of my wanderings about the ancient city I entered the quiet and solitary close of the gray cathedral. The rocks were gathered in the old elms which stood around. A ruddy light wrapped the great gray towers which rose far up into the evening air. The sounds of the city from without came faintly and at intervals to the ear as I walked slowly across the close toward the low wide steps which ascended and were lost in the shadow of the noble porch.

On reaching the great door of the cathedral I found it closed. But in the center of this there was another smaller door which still stood open—and here a party of visitors, to whom I was a stranger, were endeavoring to persuade the ancient verger that the hour was not yet too late to permit them to inspect the interior. It so happened that just as I came up they succeeded in overcoming his hesitation, and he turned to lead the way into the building.

The party followed him, and I among them.

The party of visitors to which I had joined myself had completed, under the guidance of the verger, the customary tour of inspection round the ancient fabric, and were now preparing to leave the building. I had fallen for a moment behind the rest, in order to examine a fine and deeply interesting specimen of an antique carving which covered the whole of the wall near which I stood. The great door of the cathedral, where the rest of the party were now standing, was not visible from this spot, but I could hear their voices plainly, round the angle of the wall. Aware that I had not much time to linger unless I wished to be locked up all night, I cast a last glance at the rich tracery of the woodwork and prepared reluctantly to turn away.

Suddenly my eye was caught by a portion of the carving which seemed to stand out slightly from the rest. I put my hand upon the carved head of the Apostle Peter and pulled it outward. To my amazement a door opened in the carving, showing beyond it a dark passage. I stooped forward and looked in. As I did so the door, which was thick and massive, and which was hung slantingly upon its hinges in such a manner as to close with its own weight, swung heavily back from the position into which I had pushed it, and coming unexpectedly upon me as I stooped forward, projected me into the opening and shut behind me.

The suddenness of the incident and the total darkness in which I found myself entombed startled and confused me. But at first I felt no positive alarm. I attempted at once to push open the door, but to my surprise it did not yield. I pushed harder—harder yet—I exerted all my strength, but the door remained immovable.

At last, finding all my efforts useless, I endeavored to attract the attention of those outside. I raised my voice and called loudly for assistance at the same time beating a vigorous tattoo with my stick against the door. I then paused and listened, in the expectation of being speedily released. But to my surprise and alarm the minutes passed and there was no response.

With a vague terror at heart I renewed my endeavors. I raised a clamor that awoke the echoes of the building. But still no voice replied from outside my prison, no hand released the fastening of the door. Gradually the conviction forced itself upon my mind that I had delayed too long. While I had been trying to force open the door by my own efforts, the party of visitors had left the cathedral, either without observing my absence, or perhaps supposing that I had left before them. The verger had locked up the building and departed. There was no one within hearing to assist me.

My consternation at this discovery may be conceived. The idea that I was fated to pass the night in this dark and narrow prison was one which I refused to entertain. Again, again, and yet again I hurled myself against the wooden barrier, with rage, with fury, with despair. Not until I had exhausted every effort in my power, not until every gleam of hope had vanished from my mind, did I give up the attempt to force the door as hopeless, and turned away from it to examine more narrowly the place of my imprisonment. Nothing now seemed left to me but to ascertain how I might pass the hours with least discomfort, until I might expect assistance from without.

In my assaults upon the door I had already discovered that the place in which I was enclosed was of small dimensions. It was, in fact, little more than a recess or deep niche in the masonry, not exceeding three feet square, it would neither enable me to lie at full length nor to obtain any other relief for my tired limbs than by the change of one cramped and uneasy posture for another. The floor was of solid pavement. The roof as I stood erect, just touched my head. The walls, like the floor, were of solid stone. Standing close to one of these, and casting my eyes upward, I made a discovery which filled me at first with surprise and afterward with extreme perplexity.

Between the roof and the wall there was a space of at least four inches. Through this space I became aware of a faint gleam of light very far above my head. With the object of ascertaining the length of this aperture I moved along the wall, keeping my eye upon the crevice. The light did not vanish. I turned the angle of the wall and still the light remained visible. I traversed in succession the four walls of the cell, no obstacle obscured the feeble gleam. The roof did not touch the wall at a single point of the circuit.

Presently a loud and rattling sound, seeming to issue from the roof above my head, burst suddenly upon the silence. It was the great clock of the cathedral striking the hour. The notes fell slowly from a deep, solemn and sonorous bell. But instead of reaching my prison as might have been expected, in dull, far off and muffled tones, they fell upon my ears with thrilling clearness and distinctness, as if they were close at hand. It was evident, in fact, that my cell must be situated directly under the clock tower. This conclusion, however, led me no further at the moment.

I sat for a long time in reflection upon the number of hours which must elapse before I could expect to be set free. The bell had struck the hour of six. The cathedral would probably not be open in the morning before 9 or 10. I had, therefore, some fifteen hours at least before me to get through as best I might.

How slowly the time waned! At seemingly long intervals the bells struck the quarters one, two, three, four and five, in deeper tones the hour itself. And now, when the ringing sound of the last note had died away, the bells of the cathedral began to chime. The notes fell on my ears with the same singular and unaccountable distinctness which I had observed in the striking of the hour. They chimed the evening hymn.

Very suddenly a strange thought struck me, causing me to raise my eyes toward the ceiling of my cell. In my present position I could just perceive the faint gleam of light discernible far up through the interspace between the roof and the wall, but the roof itself was buried in darkness. I arose slowly to my feet, and the scarcely formed conjecture of my mind was instantly confirmed. As I had expected, I could no longer stand erect, my head now struck the roof. The whole truth flashed at once across my mind. I saw why the roof did not touch the walls of the inclosure, why it was formed of massive iron. It was descending.

Yes—descending! During the hour I had remained seated, the roof had sunk through a space of fully four inches. But this discovery, when now I made it, so far from causing me perplexity, at once revealed to me the whole mystery of my prison.

The directness of sound with which the chiming of the bells reached my ears had already told me that the bellry must be situated directly above my head. I now perceived that what I had taken for a cold heavy roof was in fact the massive and enormous weight of the great clock. I was imprisoned in the bottom of the shaft into which the weight descended. The ponderous block of solid metal was falling at the rate of about four inches an hour, or rather more. In less time than it takes to trace these words, the consequence of this flashed through my mind. In fifteen hours the weight would descend through a space of five feet. Long before I could expect release, the enormous mass would be upon me, and would crush me helplessly against the pavement of my prison.

My sensation upon making this discovery I will not attempt to describe. Often—very often—in the course of my life, have I had occasion to remark the truth of the saying, "The avenues that lead to death are numerous and strange." Little did I think how nearly I was myself to afford an example of its truth. Yet surely no mortal was ever before the victim of an accident so wildly singular and so full of horror! There the great weight was above me. Slowly, surely, it was creeping downward in the darkness and silence of the night.

And far up in the soft air of sunset the bells were still ringing the evening hymn. For many minutes after making this discovery I remained motionless, striving vainly to realize the most singular yet deadly peril which threatened me. I do not know how long it was before I so far recovered my faculties as to become capable of thought. At length, rousing myself by an effort to examine whether any way to escape lay open to me, I turned my attention to the interspace between the weight and the wall, but it was far too narrow to admit of the passage of my body. Then—to such extremities my desperation drove its victims—I thought of attempting to arrest the great weight by supporting it with my stick as it descended. I might as well have attempted to support a falling avalanche.

Then an idea occurred to my mind which brought with it a gleam of hope. I thought it possible that by applying my strength to the weight itself, I might be able to impart to it by slow degrees a swinging motion, like that of a pendulum, and this being continued, might at length bring the ponderous mass in contact with the door, and so burst it open. Raising myself from the floor of the cell, upon which I had again sunk down, I applied my strength to the weight and by exerting all my energy in a succession of rhythmic impulses I gradually succeeded in imparting to it an almost imperceptible movement. Gradually this increased, and but for an unforeseen circumstance the scheme might have been successful. But I presently found that the weight did not hang exactly in the center of the shaft. The consequence of this was that it struck the wall opposite the door before it reached the door itself. The extent of its swing being thus checked, my utmost efforts failed to bring it into contact with the door. The attempt had therefore to be abandoned, and hope again died within me.

Hope died within me. And now my sensations were those of extreme horror and dismay. I for the first time felt the certainty of my fate. A deadly sickness seized me. In a paroxysm of despair I flung myself again upon the floor of my prison, and lay there without motion. I will not dwell upon the long hours that followed—those hours of more than mortal agony of mind. The sensations of those who have stood face to face with death for hours, watching with starting eyes his slow approach, are to me no mystery. But the mind of man has merited long beyond a certain point ends in numbing the power of feeling. Thus it is that criminals condemned to execution often sleep soundly and eat with appetite, a fact which seems amazing to those who consider how comparatively slight a degree of mental distress has power to rob the night of rest and to turn the faintest food to poison. They do not reflect that mental agony in its extremity ceases to be felt. But thus it is, and thus it was with me.

I believe also that the air of the shaft must have acted upon me with some stupefying or bewildering influence, like that of the vapor which often gathers at the bottom of old wells. The agitation of my mind gradually gave place to a strange feeling of indifference. The peril under which I lay ceased to trouble me, and at last no longer occupied my thoughts.

I began instead to be curiously disturbed by another circumstance, very trivial in itself, by a sound, which reached my senses from somewhere in the stillness, a sound low, muffled, throbbing and mysterious like the beating of my own blood. Had my mind been clear I could not have failed to recognize it for what it was. The sound seemed in my ears but this was merely owing to my position in the shaft. In reality it was the ticking of the great clock, far above my head.

For hours I sat there listening mechanically half unconsciously, to this monotonous sound broken at intervals by the notes of the deep-toned bell. At length, probably owing to great measure to the heavy effect of the air upon me, I must have passed into a sort of stupor, which lasted very long.

When I came to myself I was conscious of a very singular sensation. The pitchy darkness was about me and of course I could see nothing. But, in some unaccountable manner, of which I feel it impossible for me to convey a notion, I was aware that during my trance the weight had descended a great way, and was now close above my body. I could feel nothing touching me the huge and threatening mass mass brooding over me in the darkness. With a mighty effort—for like a person in a nightmare I seemed to have lost the power of motion—I raised my hand and it encountered a smooth one. My hand struck against the under surface of the weight, at an elevation of less than three inches from my face! At last—after an eternity of unutterable suspense—at last—it touched me. I touched me. At first lightly, then with a perceptible pressure, then with a pressure which grew distressing. In vain I sought relief, in vain I strove to writhe my body into narrower compass. Slowly, steadily, the mass descended, crushing me against the floor.

The last minute of my life seemed to come. I breathed a prayer to heaven and resigned myself to die. Still a space the weight descended; my brain swam, my breathing became difficult. I believe that for some brief seconds I bore upon my fainting form the whole burden of the ponderous mass. The blood rushed in torrents to my head, I felt that my senses were leaving me.

Very suddenly the pressure ceased. I was conscious of a welcome relief. I drew in a deep breath, fresh. I moved my limbs, and found their liberty no dream. The weight was gone!

I raised my hand and it encountered space. I staggered, gasping, to my feet. The weight was already above my head, and rising rapidly upward into the darkness of the shaft. A sound of moving mechanism reached me from above. I thought I heard the murmur of voices, men were moving in the tower above me.

The purpose which had brought them there was evident, they were winding up the clock.

I remember little more, and that confusedly. I have some dim memory of an interval of silence, broken by voices outside my prison, of the sudden opening of the door, of a blinding light, of a group of several forms without. I seem to remember also that there were cries of wonder as I staggered from my narrow lodging and fell fainting into the arms of my deliverers. But these things are to me as the shadows of a dream. The rushing darkness returned upon me, and for many hours I knew no more.

Such is the story of my strange adventure. I greatly doubt whether in all the chapter of accidents in history a stranger can be found. I have already stated that its truth is known to several persons, and that the strict accuracy of my account can be verified by simple inquiry.—Argoey

The Lives of Newgirls.

Little has been done or can be said in newspaper columns concerning the life of newgirls. For few of them can the same excuse be offered as for the boys, that it is the legitimate and only occupation by which they must earn their bread. It is not believed that there is one of them who has not a home and some person who should keep her off the streets. Some of them, however, are wayward naturally, or have been made so by evil associations in their extreme youth, while others—and the greatest number, it is to be feared—are knowingly sent out to the life of demoralization and vice that is inevitable by the very persons who should most carefully have guarded them from such a fate. There are, of course, some few exceptions in the cases of girls who go out to sell papers with their mothers who have established stands, and though forced by poverty to employ their children's aid in the battle of life, strive in so doing to shield them from evil by keeping them as closely as possible to the maternal apron strings. Even then, it is rare that their daughters escape contamination from the thoroughly corrupt girls of their own age with whom they are brought in contact daily.

The great body of the newgirls running wild on the street have acquired a knowledge of and proficiency in vice before they have grown old enough to recognize its degradation and the inevitable ruinous consequences. The older ones educate the younger in vice, the youngest strive to emulate in all of which they should be innocent. A large proportion of them are Italian, and many are very pretty while they are very young. In fact, a newgirl has little hope of success if she is not pretty and soon finds herself forced out of competition to other walks in life where good looks are not so essential.—New York Sun.

Starvation in Egypt.

A fellow mania makes us wondrous kind, and the chief creditor of the castle-building crank of Hohenschwangau now turns out to be the castle building ex-khedive. During the fourteen years of his administration the viceroy of Egypt built away some 300,000,000 francs, wrung from the life blood of starving toilers. Nine-tenths of the population of Egypt are, in the most liberal sense, subsisting upon the bare necessities of the vital process, a little rice, a little durra corn, baked into hard cakes, and washed down with a draught of ditch water. Professor Exlinger, on his recent survey of the land, was for miles followed by a barefoot boy, who every now and then approached the wagon and watched the workings of the instrument with haggard eyes.

Ascribing his persistence to an impulse of scientific curiosity the professor asked his dragoman to hand him a telescope and invite him to take a peep at the distant mountains. "He's after something else," I guess, laughed the interpreter, and a short conversation sufficed to confirm that theory. "There is some corn split in your wagon," said the dragoman, "and this youngster asks your permission to eat a handful of it." The corn—hard, dry, maize corn—was swiftly absorbed by the youthful son of the desert, who, with the same promptitude, devoured a quart of dried fruit and a lot of fish-butter, but took to his heels like a deer when the dragoman handed him a paper full of mustard pickles and yelled at him for dropping them after the first bite.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

The Causes of Baldness.

Though most persons are sensitive about the gradual disappearance of their hair, it is not generally from any fault of their own. The hair of the northern nations is brown and fine and disappears easily. That of the southern nations is dark and coarse, and every separate hair is put through the two or three envelopes that cover the skull and clutched on the other side. Baldness is common in northern Europe and rare in Spain and Italy. It is much more common in the north of France and Italy than in the south of those countries.

Baldness then becomes simply an accident of birth. "Why," it is asked sadly, "is that hapless being bald?" And the reply must necessarily be, "Not because he was prematurely pious or preternaturally wicked, but because he had the misfortune to be born in a cold instead of in a warm country, and so was endowed with finer hair and a more refined organism." Bald-headed people should, then, rather be pitied than despised, or perhaps looked upon as being more delicately organized, more spiritual or more ethereal than their fellows.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CATCHING A MONKEY.

A BABOON ESCAPES FROM A CIRCUS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Trying to Capture the Runaway—An Old Arab Expert Undertakes the Job—His Novel and Successful Methods of Operation.

During a recent railway accident in a pass of the Sierra Morena, a valuable monkey escaped from the cars of Bretona's circus, and in spite of immediate pursuit managed to vanish in the cliffs of the rocky mountain slope. It was a trained baboon, valued at 600 pesos, and, as the wreck of the engine involved a delay of several hours, half a hundred persons, led by the circus men and the employees of the Spanish railroad, joined in the search, but only made matters worse, for the first attempt to capture the fugitive resulted in a break-neck chase, in which the native of the Abyssinian highlands easily distanced the swiftest pursuers. They had caught a sight of him in a pile of loose boulders, searching for insects with the gravity of a professional naturalist, and managed to approach him within fifteen steps when he thought it was time to beat a retreat, but at so leisurely a gait that a young mountaineer conceived the fatuous idea of trying to run him down.

Seeing that his pursuer was in earnest, the four-handed, too, mended his pace—so much so, indeed, that his would-be captors found it impossible to keep even in sight of him, and returned after having stampeded him nearly a mile down the steep mountain side. The Bretona folks had already given him up for lost, when an old Arab, the trainer of the camel team, demanded an interview with the managers, and induced them to intrust him with one of the baby monkeys of the circus menagerie. After chucking the youngster into a sack and filling his pockets with dried fruit, he started down-hill without explaining his plan of procedure, but with the promise that he would be back an hour after dark. Messengers had been dispatched to the next telegraph station, and the travelers were grouped around camp-fires and caboose stoves when a series of cheers at one of the outdoor bivouacs announced a welcome arrival with such emphasis that some of the passengers made a rush for their sachels.

HIS MODUS OPERANDI.

It was the Arab, leading the old baboon, who in his turn had charged himself with the care of the youngster, every now and then snatching him up in his arms or helping him over the obstacles of the path. The three night-walkers at once became the center of the bivouac circle, and the biped proceeded to explain his modus operandi. With his leather strap he had tied the youngster to a thorn bush of the lower mountain slope, near a point where the footprints of the young mountaineer indicated the terminus of the recent steep-chase. Then, bidding him good bye, he commenced the ascent of the cliff as if he intended to leave him to his fate. As he expected, the young monkey, after a desperate attempt to tear his fetters and follow him, began to screech out his signal of distress. He was a native of eastern Hindostan, but monkeys use a cosmopolitan language, and in less than fifteen minutes the distant relative of the chained baboon babe in the woods peeped around the cliff, and, seeing the coast clear, at once made up to the screeching brat and hugged him as if he was trying to silence him by a process of suffocation.

All that while the Arab was hiding behind a tree, biding his time till twilight had pretty well advanced, when he quickly approached the thorn bush and, without the least opposition on the part of the senior four-hander, removed the strap from the neck of the youngster and transferred it to that of his companion, who seemed not only ready, but anxious, to return to the shelter of his boarding house on wheels. Monkeys, explained the Arab, are the most gregarious creatures on earth, and the prospect of having to pass the night in a solitary bush-camp had reconciled the runaway to the restraints of social life in a circus cage.—Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

Character in Clothes.

Students of human nature have found exponents of character in the way a man wears his hair, curls his mustache, ties his cravat, buttons his coat, bags his trousers at the knees, and wears of the sides of his shoes, and to some of these lovers of the curious there is little about a man, his features, form, and gait, that does not stand out as an exponent of some peculiar phase of his character.

The phenologist no longer has a monopoly in character reading. The latter has entered the lists against him and will read a man's character by the outline showing the shape of the head, and the shoemaker comes next to tell what kind of a man is his patron by the curve of the instep, the knots and bunions, or by the manner in which the soles of old shoes are worn. The tailor, the furnisher, and clothes cleaner also have their peculiar methods of reading character, and the mind reader has but little advantage over all these when they combine to tell a man what he is and what he thinks. The detective may have studied character all his life, and he will never discover traits which are as an open book to any one of these people.—Inter Ocean.

He Proposes to Lead Shotgun.

A sanguine young man in New York has started what seems to be a new line of business. He has a lot of shot guns, single and double barreled, that he proposes to lend, for a consideration, by the day, week, month, or year. He reasons that in a population so large as that of New York there must be a great many people who would like to go hunting if they only had guns. But they cannot afford to make permanent investments in the purchase of guns, so he steps in "to supply a long felt want." As yet no guns have been lent by the young man, but he expects to have many persons calling around in the Autumn to pay \$1 and \$2 a day, or from \$3 to \$5 a month, for the loan of guns worth from \$10 to \$20 each.—Chicago Herald.

Why They Boil Locomotives.

"What is that big iron thing full of holes?" asked Laura. "Locomotive boiler," said Tom. Laura looked thoughtful. After a moment's silence she asked, "Why do they boil locomotives?" Tom looked amazed. "To make 'em tender," he said, slowly.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

There are twenty-two counties in Kansas which have madstones within their boundaries.

Since 1890 the native population of the Sandwich Islands decreased from 10,000 to 40,014.

WHAT MEN CALL "LUCK."

The Ideas of Gamblers—The Various Classes of So-Called "Lucky" Men.

Let us consider the general idea which most men have respecting what they call luck. We shall find that what they regard as affording clear evidence that there is such a thing as luck is in reality the result of law. Nay, they adopt such a combination of ideas about events that seem fortuitous that the kind of evidence they obtain must have been obtained, let events fall as they may. Let us consider the ideas of men about luck in gambling, as typifying in small the ideas of nearly all men about luck in life.

In the first place gamblers recognize some men as always lucky. I do not mean, of course, that they suppose men always win, but that some men never have spells of bad luck. They are always "in the vein," to use the phraseology of gamblers like Steinmetz and others, who imagine they have reduced their wild and wandering notions about luck into a science. Next, gamblers recognize those who start on a gambling career with singular good luck, retaining that luck long enough to trust in it confidently, and then losing it once for all, remaining thereafter constantly "lucky." Thirdly, gamblers regard the great bulk of their community as men of varying luck—sometimes "in vein," sometimes not—men who, if they are to be successful, must, according to the superstitions of the gambling world, be most careful to watch the progress of events.

These, according to Steinmetz, the great authority on all such questions, (probably because of the earnestness of his belief in gambling superstitions) may gamble or not, according as they are ready or not to obey the dictates of gambling prudence. When they are in the vein they should gamble steadily on, but as soon as the "maturity of the chances" brings with it a change of luck they must withdraw. If they will not do this they are likely to join the crew of the unlucky. Fourthly, there are those, according to the ideas of gamblers, who are pursued by constant ill luck. They are never "in the vein" if they win during the first half of an evening they lose more during the latter half. But usually they lose all the time. Fifthly, gamblers recognize a class who, having begun unfortunately, have had a change of luck later and have become members of the lucky fraternity. This change they usually ascribe to some accident or event which, to the less brilliant imaginations of outsiders, would seem to have nothing whatever to do with the gambler's luck. For instance, the luck changed when the man married, his wife being a shrew, or because he took to wearing white waistcoats.—Prator, in Long man's Magazine.

Making the Phonograph Practical.

An article will shortly appear in a leading periodical giving a particular account of a recent invention which will astonish the public as much as did the working telephone. This is a phonograph. It comes from the Bell laboratory, though it is the invention of Mr. Sumner Tainter. The Tainter experiments have been in the direction of a more satisfactory receiver. That has been obtained finally by the use of wax. An impression of sound waves is secured by the new method, it is said, with absolute accuracy. It will register the voices of a quartet of singers, so that the same words and tones as spoken can be reproduced, the baritone, soprano, tenor, etc., just as originally produced, save in lesser volume. The impression is so distinct in the wax that a stereotype can be taken from it and the sound be reproduced a month, or 100 years afterward.

The practical utility of the machine is its use instead of an amanuensis. Letters or speeches can be taken with the machine, it is claimed, and all that has to be done is to take it and set it a-going, regulated so that the words can be written out. This can be done at leisure, the writer stopping, going back, or writing as fast or as slowly as convenient. An interview can be taken with absolute correctness, and preserved and written out at leisure, the voices of the talkers being clearly distinguishable. If such perfection as described has been obtained, the value of the invention can scarcely be overestimated.—Washington Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Features of the Candy Trade.

The candy trade of the south and west has several peculiar features. It is of conspicuous extent, the proverbial fondness of colored people for sweet things accounting for its largeness in the south, while through the new townships and settlements of the west, the natural liking of man for toothsome delicacies not being gratified by an abundant supply of fruit, the confectioner is called upon to answer the craving. The greater part of the orders from either section is for stick candy, or for goods of those forms that will not change except at a high temperature, and for qualities that lose not their flavor quickly. The low prices that rule in the wholesale trade for these candies are a consequence of the fact that the candy maker is only accounted for on the assumption that he is a harmless and flavorless adulteration is practiced, with the aid of glucose and various starch products, or that more injurious substances, terra alba and other cheap minerals, are worked in with the sugar.—Boston Transcript.

Lottery Gambling in Vienna.

Apropos of lotto, which is the rage just now, it has played a very curious role in a recent trial here. An unfortunate woman, nearly starved to death by long years of privation and chronic hunger, was suspected of having murdered her aunt, a rich old fortune-teller, and sordidly availing herself of the judge's sympathy, she pleaded insanity. The judge was seeking with all his ingenuity to gather together the threads of proof of the woman's guilt, which he could not succeed in establishing, when he learned that hours after the murder, at a moment when nobody as yet knew what had happened, the accused had drawn three numbers at the lottery—83, 95, and 47. Now, 83 was the age of the victim, 95 the number of the house in which she lived, and 47 signifies in the credo of lotto gamblers life and death. The judge regarded this coincidence of numbers as the most overwhelming of proofs. The wretched woman was accordingly condemned to death.

Flowers Exported for Their Sugar.

The Malava tree of Central India (Bassia latifolia) bears flowers which are now being exported to Europe for their sugar of which they contain more than half their weight. The tree resembles the oak, and a single specimen sometimes bears a ton of flowers.—Boston Transcript.

Hate of the New York Letter-Carrier.

When the sun shines the New York letter-carrier wears a straw hat weighing four and one-half ounces, which costs 60 cents. When the weather is bad he wears a helmet weighing six and one-quarter ounces and costing \$1.25.

SUMMER DAYS.

O summer days! fair summer days!
When, through dim woodlands straying,
We heard aloud the upland ways
The sound of brooklets playing,
When, through soft isles of misty green,
Made sweet and cool with shadows,
Came gleams of yellow blooms between
From distant, sunny meadows.
O summer days! sweet summer days!
When, over fields of clover,
We lingered by the sunny ways
Or walked the green paths over,
When by the river's silver shoen
The lilies red were burning
Like scarlet flame against the green
That summer winds were turning
O summer days! hot summer days!
Too soon the purple gloaming
Came down and hid with dreamy haze
The paths where we were roaming.
For in the mists that lingered long
O'er meadow, wood and river,
We stilled the passion of love's song,
And said good by forever!
—Adelaide D. Rollston.

Craze for Coats of Arms.

There is a craze among our parvenu population for coats of arms, orders, titles and livery. It becomes very ridiculous when we step back only one generation to the fathers and mothers of our noble nobility. These fathers and mothers of our aristocracy were much more worthy of honor in their labors over the washing or under the hod than are their children in ransacking books of heraldry to discover some crest or coat of arms which they can steal or adopt.

In a recent letter I mentioned the fact that the leaders of two of our most aristocratic families sprang from very humble origin. The grandfather of one peddled doughnuts through the streets of New York from a basket, and the mother of the second took in washing at her stage tavern. Some of our bonanza kings kept small liquor stores. One of the millionaires was a stable boy another carried the hod, and others climbed the ladder of success from the humblest of honest occupations. In their coats of arms these nobility should make room for the doughnut couchant, or the curycumb rampant. Their fathers would have hard work selecting family mottoes for their education was limited. The late Thurlow Weed, said that he had received a great many letters from Commodore Vanderbilt, Dean Richmond and George Law, and he did not remember that any one of them ever spelled a word of three syllables correctly.—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

Phenomenal Ugliness in Italy.

I happened to see the Luchesi gathered in their opera house to hear a company that had come from Florence for a season of a few nights, and was deeply impressed with the collective ugliness of the population, both male and female. What is the cause of it? What strange afflictions of race have they? The Italians are handsome as a people, whether in the large, generous blonde fashion of Lombardy and Sardinia or in the dark, round and regular-featured manner of the south. The people of Lucca are of neither type. They are more like the South Germans in form and feature, and must have had far back in prehistoric features a similar origin. The origin of most Italian cities has usually been a castle on a hilltop or on a mountain side, which first included only the lord and his immediate followers and afterward people of the neighborhood, who built near by for the protection which the castle afforded. Lucca is a city on a plain of somewhat later origin, and therefore different.—Italy Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The First Rat in America.

It is but little over a century ago—1773—that the first brown rat (the ordinary house rat) made his appearance in America. He came as a stowaway on ship board, either from India or Persia, or possibly from some Mediterranean port. Rats were unknown in Europe until the middle of the eighteenth century. In every town, village and hamlet in the United States now the rat is almost as well known as the dog or the cat, and the rodent population must be far larger than either of the others. So rapid is the increase of the species that a single pair, if unmolested for a year, will have an offspring of hundreds in that time. In dwellings and city sewers the house rat is the ruler, and his black brother is driven to the wall. In the fields and along the marshes bordering the sea coast the muskrat and the cotton rat hold sway. Rats of many species are now to be found wherever human habitation exists. It is easier to render a building fireproof than ratproof.—New York Mail and Express.

Illiteracy in Portugal.

In eastern Portugal illiteracy prevails to such an extent that postoffices are almost confined to the towns and larger railway stations. The villagers communicate by zagals (special errand boys), or an officers of the mounted police may undertake to deliver a verbal message not requiring too wide a detour from his regular route. There are populous mountain valleys where books and writing paper are as unknown as in the crannies of the upper Congo. Newspapers are seen only in the lunch baskets of foreign tourists, but orators of the clerical sentimental variety are in great request. Dr. Felix L. Oswald.

Composite Photography.

One of the most interesting incidents in connection with the recent graduation of the class of '96 at Smith college, Northampton, was not noted by our correspondent. The class numbered forty-nine, and she had her picture taken—all in one—by the new and remarkable process of composite photography, each one of the group sitting one forty-ninth part of the regular time, then making way for the next. The total result, as might have been expected, was a face of wonderful beauty strength and refinement.—Boston Congregationalist.

Naples' Macaroni.

You expect something wonderful in the cooking of the macaroni, but you never find it. They will tell you that no macaroni is like the Naples macaroni, either because of some mysterious method of manipulation or some unanalyzed quality of the water, but the barbarous gourmet from the northern forests or from America will wonder how he fails to detect the alleged superiority.—Naples Letter.

Picture of the Jetty Man.

Capt. Eads the Mississippi improver is a little man with a white beard, a fringe of white hair round a bald head, and a pale, bloodless complexion.

A man who stops to grieve over trifles must expect to forfeit his place in the line of human advancement.—Jud. Lafage.

Jay Gould's yacht Albatross is said to cost him \$70,000 a year.

A number of foreign who have passed through the city Sunday.

Freedom, the C and V officers, and is in the Huntington shops, and going to reports.

Life Insurance Co. and a passenger engine has gone into the Huntington shops to reports.

George Francis is working nights in the the N Y P and O yards in the O. S. L. in a place. Doc is on a visit.

The funeral of Mrs. Barbara Scott, who died at her home on Silver street, occurred at the German M. E. Church Sunday forenoon.

Sunday's weather gave the heavy rain a boom. There was no rain to be expected in the city at eight o'clock that morning.

A Sunday school missionary festival was held at the German M. E. Church Sunday evening. Music and speeches made up an interesting programme.

Wienberger's suspension factory is already picking up a booming business, and the establishment promises to become an important factor in Marion business circles.

Duminy Ryan had an artery in his left wrist severed in some manner while scuffling Sunday evening and suffered the loss of considerable blood before the flow was stopped.

C. W. Criswell is giving the room formerly occupied by F. Y. Smith a thorough renovation and is having it fixed up generally. It will be an attractive place when completed.

There is a great rivalry between Bucyrus and Norfolk to see which will have the largest crowd at their fireworks tournaments which are to be held the first of this week and on the same dates.

The county commissioners were at Mt. Gilead Tuesday, where they joined the Morrow county board and went upon the line of the Carl going county ditch to adjust the claims of damages and make assessments.

The Central Ohio conference of the M. E. church holds its next annual session at Bellefontaine, O., beginning September 9th. There will be an unusual large number of changes in the appointments of preachers.

Prospect Monitor Mr. S. H. Keller removed his family to Marion this week where his business that of selling agricultural implements is. Sam was one of our well liked citizens and is such Prospect loses just that much.

The Huber Manufacturing Company shipped an engine and separator to Columbus Saturday that was exhibited at the State fair this week. E. D. Barlow will handle the outfit, while George Shown looks after the company's interests.

F. J. Little moved his household effects to Lima Monday, and will make the Ohio City of Ohio his future home. Those who have enjoyed Ed's acquaintance during his residence here would rather he had stayed, but knowing that his business calls him to Lima they will join in wishing him great success.

Col. Mike Free of Green Camp township has been continuously following a threshing machine for forty three years says J. N. and he wants to know who can beat it. If he followed a separator for that many years the story would be truly remarkable, but half the time was probably put in handling the flail.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Leach died Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock at their residence on West Center street. Services were held at the house on Wednesday at 8 o'clock p. m. Deceased is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Leach and they have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad bereavement.

While Lima is building great castles as to her future greatness we beg leave to remind her that eastern Marion county promises to furnish her a rival. Three counties expect to astonish the world and already figures on Marion Bucyrus and Galena as suburbs. She won't count Mt. Gilead in because that place is too far beyond the times.

A R. Muir the buyer of ship timber has his force of hands now loading cars. Mr. Muir has purchased over fifty car loads to be shipped from this point and eighteen cars at Gurley. The immense timber is to go by rail to the lakes, thence to Quebec and from there to the great ship yards in Scotland. It hardly seems possible that Marion county timber should be shipped so far.

Dr. McConnell was home from Xenia over Sunday, and returned Monday to attend the Morris murder trial. The doctor says the defense has brought out a question that has heretofore been unknown to medical jurisprudence, claiming that blood clots in the brain after death. At Xenia a number of experiments have been made on animals and the statement is not likely to stand.

The N. Y. P. and O. shifter threw a couple cars into a crossing track of C. H. V. and I cars at the Junction Saturday evening. The C. H. V. and I. pony was pulling a train over the crossing at the time and the brakes on the approaching N. Y. P. and O. cars would not stop them in time to prevent a collision. A couple trucks were thrown off the track, but the damage was very slight.

About thirty or thirty two years ago this summer this part of the country was visited with a terrible drought. It is said that the marsh and the woods surrounding Dunkirk were burned and at times smoke was so dense that it was necessary to use artificial lights at nighttime in order to do the work indoors. Great holes were burned in the marsh and woods, which had been abundant in the woods left for parts unknown and have never been as plentiful since. Dunkirk Standard.

Suit has been begun in the Common Pleas court in which David Young asks \$15,000 damages of Robert Kerr. His father in law for damages he has sustained by Robert Kerr alienating the affections of Mr. Young's wife. Robert offered this damaging state of affairs in 1894, as the petition sets forth, while he was at Young's house as the result of a broken leg. Geo. Diegle is attorney for the plaintiff and with his usual far sightedness asks interest on the \$15,000 from the time Uncle Bob introduced his daughter to leave David.

—Work has been going on cleaning up the court house grounds.

Ivan Tomis is having a little boom again. It was neglected for a few days.

The Upper Smokyton Club has been busy with its visit to Marion till next week. Cash money was at the State fair exhibiting the stills owned by him and Al Phillips.

Obert Bros. were at the State fair this week, and with a good exhibit of their product have a success.

Tom Busted one of the cleverest C. and A. breakmen has been promoted to baggage master in the place of Will Kitchell. Sixty persons took in the C. H. V. and I excursion to the State fair Tuesday morning and as many more went on the regular train.

The matter of getting a commercial telephone office in Marion has been left to G. H. Kling and L. P. Wallace. They will no doubt succeed.

Leffler & Bland have all their work completed in the new court house but three suit doors which have been shipped and will be hung this week.

Ben Bigford the dayman seriously sprained his back in lifting too heavily Monday afternoon and is unable to attend to his work as a consequence.

W. H. Van Osten & Son are preparing to open out a new hat tailoring establishment on the second floor of the Hiller building in north Main street.

In the Probate court B. F. Waples has been appointed guardian of the estate of F. J. Leach and J. F. Varden guardian of Chas. H. and Minnie A. Varden.

With next term of court to be held in the city next month the work of moving will be necessary. District court convenes this month and Common Pleas in October.

Richwood's city council has decided to give the citizens of that place an opportunity to vote on the Dow law local option but will not hold the election until after the Supreme court decides upon the matter.

Marion Presbytery comprising the Presbyterian churches in Morrow, Marion, Delaware and Union counties will hold its next meeting at Millford Center, Union county on the 14th of September at two o'clock p. m. An opening session will be preached at that hour by Rev. Welling S. Thomas of Marion.

Huntington Democrat. The C. and A. it is said will build a depot at Hoovers. The Dill passenger conductor Sundayed here with friends. An extra brakeman has been given the C. and A. local freight make this in all ferry Padmody local freight conductor attended the funeral of an aunt at Marion O. Sunday.

Auditor Waples tells of a case of wise municipal management at Lakine. A fellow was hired to bury the fish that were killed in the Scotch by the poison from the Kenton street board mills and he was paid four dollars out of the city treasury. With this money the fellow got gloriously full and was arrested and fined \$5 for the offense. The city had the fish buried and came out victorious as to doing.

Reports though none are definite, all tend to show that there must have been a general wreck of parties from Marion and vicinity who were at the Green Camp colored camp meeting Sunday. The night was intensely dark and bugs collided and some run off the embankment near the Scotch bridge. A half dozen small ships of different kinds are reported and it is said that one young lady had a collar bone broken. It is impossible to get names.

On Friday of last week the town of Sycamore in Wyandot county on the Ohio Central voted for prohibition resulting in a vote of 82 for and 45 against. The female population had a separate voting place, and she took a vote in an experiment. The result was 107 for and not one vote against prohibition. The issue created much excitement and a strong temperance sentiment. The Sycamore News which heretofore has been neutral as to politics came out strong on the prohibition side and the columns were burdened with full faced bourgeois lines.

Bucyrus critic. Hog cholera has broken out on the plains in Dallas township and vicinity. Ed Monnett has suffered most from its ravages having lost 100 hogs in the past three weeks. George Lohr an other farmer has lost ten. It was first noticed about one month ago and has done much damage since. The hog when attacked with it refuses to eat, wanders off alone, has its ears droop and he dies shortly after being stricken. Iohr cured one of his hogs by administering coal oil once, but others have resisted this treatment. It is feared that the disease will become general.

Mrs. George Kendrick entertained a pleasant party of about twenty friends Monday evening in honor of her charming guests the Misses Leffler of Shelbyville Ind. Besides a splendid social time and an enjoyable discussion of choice refreshments the delectable progressive euchre made that a feature of the evening. Mrs. John Beale won first honors among the ladies and received in check out fancy scarf. Mr. Dupres against from Indian county layed the Marion students of Hock and was awarded the much coveted cigar holder. Will Beretty clung to the baby table in order to get the doctored put to mother while Miss Nellie Leffler found him there and secured a brand painted powder box.

Mr. Patrick I. Monon our very efficient policeman took in the excursion recently on the N. Y. P. and O. During his leave of absence Mr. I. Monon visited Montreal and the college where his son Thomas I. I. Monon is pursuing his studies when death put an end to the dear young man's deathly plans. The sorrowful father paid a pious visit to the revered spot where his dear son rests and erected a suitable tombstone to mark the hallowed place. Mr. I. Monon was most kindly received by the Rev. Father P. Duguid, director of Montreal college also by the other reverend fathers of the institution and by the sisters who tenderly watched over his precious son while life was fast ebbing. Mr. I. Monon returns many thanks to the college authorities and the kind sisters. Mr. I. Monon says that no one could travel with a better man than Mr. Ezra Columbus who also took advantage of the excursion.

—South street is being greatly improved in appearance by the cut and even grade, but the work is leaving several lots so high above the grade that no little labor will be required to put them in good shape to look properly.

Auditor Waples was at Springfield Tuesday and succeeded in finding Milt Naylor and served notices of attachment that had been made on the funds due him from Marion county. Milt will not fight the matter.

A slight frost occurred Wednesday. Speaking of its occurrence Wm. E. S. said he came to Marion just thirty five years ago that morning and found the corn all frozen by one of the severest frosts ever known in these parts.

—W. H. Eckhart has secured the services of Mr. C. I. Bletz of Cleveland who will hereafter have charge of his merchant tailoring department. The tailors are determined to make that branch of his business equal to any in Marion.

Milk's back run to the C. H. V. and I. is usual today though the remarkable order was to have gone into effect today. It was hardly to be expected that Carr would withdraw the order but simply neglect the attempt to enforce it.

—Constable Jones was at Upper Sandusky yesterday and arrested John Brown colored and brought him to this city. This afternoon he was taken before Squire Schofield on the charge of assault upon Fish with intent to kill and after a preliminary hearing was bound over to court in the sum of \$500. Failing to furnish the same he was remanded to jail. Brown is Elijah Thomas' son.

—The drummer with the silver dollar split in two and hollowed out, is roaming around the country denouncing credulous victims. His manner of procedure was as follows: He throws his prepared dollar down on the bar or counter and bets that it is worth five dollars. He always finds some one to bet with him. When he gets most of the money in the crowd put up, he deftly opens his silver dollar and shows a five dollar gold piece reposing in the center. The dollar is very ingeniously constructed and placed and it requires a dexterous twist to open the coin.

PERSONAL

—B. F. Waples and wife spent Sunday at Richwood.

Buddy Bishop came home Sunday on a short visit.

J. H. Criswell and wife Sundayed in Mt. Gilead.

Ed Beale has returned from his trip to Pennsylvania.

—R. M. Shuff, Sundayed at Mt. Gilead and Cardington.

R. G. Allen returned home Sunday from his bicycling tour.

Chas. J. Leeman took in Kenton Monday on business trip.

Mrs. Will Snyder was in Galion visiting friends over Sunday.

—Deputy Sheriff Rice Sundayed at his parents' home in Caldonia.

—Miss J. C. Keil of Bucyrus Sundayed with her parents in this city.

Mrs. S. P. Gregg left for Columbus Monday to remain during the State fair.

—Rev. M. S. Bowser, of St. Marys, O., visited relatives in Marion Tuesday.

—J. J. Schenlaub, of the People's Store, was in Columbus Tuesday on business.

—Mrs. E. R. Williams and son Frank left for Philadelphia Monday to be absent for a month.

—Judge Norris, wife and son, left Monday for Cleveland to visit Forest City friends.

S. P. Barlow and Harry Wood bicycled to Fostoria Saturday last, and remained over Sunday.

—Mrs. O. C. Smith and son Bert, of Toledo visited J. C. Johnston and family over Sunday.

—Mrs. J. H. Doty and children have returned from a pleasant three weeks' visit at Urbana.

—Miss Jennie Shaw of Mt. Gilead is visiting in Marion the guest of Rev. A. J. Wilson and family.

—Miss Maud Walters has returned from her visit to Miss Hattie Kellogg of Crawford county.

—Miss Nellie Shown left Tuesday for Columbus where she will visit relatives for a few days.

—Ezra Columbus and Pat I. Monon returned last Saturday from Montreal. They report a splendid trip.

—Mrs. Will J. Blain is visiting at the home of her mother Mrs. Martha Tracy in Richwood for a few days.

—Mrs. John Beale and Mrs. Dr. Adams have returned home after a delightful visit in Bedford county, Pa.

—Dr. Chas. Gunn returned to his home in I. Cavenworth Kas. Monday after a very pleasant visit with parents and friends.

—Mrs. Anna J. Howard of Rushsylvania, O. and Mrs. Matilda Britton of West Brownville Pa. are visiting J. C. Walters' family.

—V. H. Kling has given up his position with Haberman & Wilson and left this week for St. Paul Minn. to secure a position in that city.

W. G. McEdwards has returned from his two weeks' trip in the Northwest, and is again busy with his duties as fuel agent of the C. and A.

Mrs. P. G. Harvey and Mrs. W. C. Rapp and daughter Bertha, returned last Saturday after a pleasant visit of a few days with friends in Galion.

—Frank Frew, wife and child left for the home of Mrs. Frew's mother near Richwood Tuesday, where they spent a few days visiting.

Mrs. W. H. Hanford and daughter, Miss Hanford of Rochester N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Tristram Monday and Tuesday.

—Mrs. J. L. Bell went to Galion Saturday and visited over Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Williams, who returned to her home in that place after a visit in Marion of one week.

—J. O. Gurley returned to his home in Bloomington, Ill., Monday, after a pleasant visit with his son, Engineer Gurley, of the N. Y. P. and O. yards.

—James Compton and wife arrived in Marion from Greenville, O., Tuesday, and will make this their future home. Jim will be in the employ of S. & F. R. Satter.

—Gallon Inquirer. Theo. Woolley, of Marion and John Ashbaugh, of Union City Ind. two former Galionites, attended the reunion, Wednesday. Miss Emma Winters, of Marion, is visiting the family of Wm. Smith, on Columbus street. Miss Carrie Hubley has returned from a visit to friends in Marion. Miss Addie Lee Barker, of Marion, is visiting her many friends in this city.

—Authorized to Teach. The following are the successful applicants examined for teachers' certificates, August 23: Hattie and Jennie Peters, of Wyandot 2 years, Anna Holliday, of LaRue 2 years, Libbie Dairy, Maggie McMurray, of Marion 1 year, Edna Francis, of Caldonia 1 year, Warren Fulton, of Pioneer, 4 years, W. D. Werts, of Gurley, 1 year, E. C. Smith, of Claridon, 2 years.

—Another Boom for Lima. LIMA, O. August 29.—This city is jubilant today over the announcement that the location of the big refinery of the Standard Oil Company has at last been settled. It will be built at once on the farm of James A. Hoover, one mile southwest of the city. Work will be begun at once and will be rapidly pushed to completion so that they will be ready for business inside of four months. The refinery will commence business with twenty stills of five hundred barrels capacity each, and will employ fifty hundred men.

—Will Sue For Damages. Andy Ritzler, of Green Camp, has brought suit against the corporation of Green Camp for \$5000 damages, which he claims to have sustained by the village closing up his business by prohibiting saloons in that place.

J. H. Andrews, the other saloonist thus debarred from business in Green Camp, was in the city Tuesday and informed the STAFF that he was having papers prepared to bring a suit for \$4000 damages. Andrews says he is confident of winning because the higher courts have decided in favor of similar actions.

—A Council Wanted for Public Improvement. ED STAR.—Circleville, O., has voted for water works like many other live towns where they have a council working in the interest of the public. Improving private property at public expense is no doubt appreciated by the few that get the benefit, but many of us can't see it. It may be a little early to talk about spring election, but from what I can learn the water works question will be made in Marion next spring to see whether men can not be elected to council that will be governed by their own good judgment, and in the interest of all tax payers.

—A Burglar Steals a Watch. A bold burglar gained an entrance to the residence of Chas. H. Wilson, on East Center street, about 8 o'clock Saturday morning, and was successful in getting away with Charley's watch and chain. The fellow gained an entrance through the window, and quietly went to the sleeping room and took the clothes of both Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to the kitchen, where he proceeded to unlock. Hearing some noise, Mrs. Wilson awakened Charley, who started in pursuit of his apparel, and, finding the open window, he supposed the fellow gone and proceeded to close the blinds, but this was unnecessary, for the visitor alarmed them shut and fled. Pistol shots followed, but probably without effect. Charley is about \$30 loser, by being out of his watch and chain.

—Prospect. A sad accident awakened the sympathy of this community Saturday. Laura, the seven-year-old daughter, of Isaac Eaton was almost instantly killed that morning by a cow that she was leading, the animal taking fright and dragging her a half mile over the rough roads. The remains of Samuel London, one of the victims of the Millford Center railroad collision, were brought from Marysville to this place Saturday afternoon and interred in the old cemetery. He had numerous relatives here. Miss Kate Sells is visiting relatives in Springfield.

The Misses Luggett, of Akron, have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Gilden. J. F. Talson, wife and son, of Washington, D. C., have been visiting Watt Watkins and family. Last Thursday afternoon Fred Schelling was bound over to court by Mayor Rhoads for selling John VanBrimmer an habitual drunkard, a half pint of whiskey. We imagine the matter will end here. The Baptist church will be nicely repaired for the meeting of the Mt. Vernon Baptist Association, which begins here Friday. Miss Della Glycer, of Bucyrus, is the guest of Dr. Brenner and wife. George Stoner, of Rome, Richland county, O., father of Mrs. H. M. Stahl, landlady at the Adams House, visited with the latter last week and attended the Robert Cratty picnic.

A company, with the following named gentlemen as directors, has been organized to bore for oil on the Conklin farm, east of town. J. W. Jones, Watt Watkins, Wm. P. Penry, T. J. Gilden, Solomon Beger, P. C. Sells, E. M. Conklin, G. W. Jones and F. C. Freeman. About all the stock necessary to furnish money sufficient to put down the well has been subscribed, and the company will commence the work as soon as the drilling machinery can be placed on the ground.

A little son of Charles Morris a farmer living east of town, met with an accident last Monday that will maim him for life. The little fellow had been in the habit of riding around the field with his father on the beam of a sulky plow and, as usual last Monday had mounted the beam behind his father, but by a jar of the plow was thrown off and had four toes of his right foot cut off by the cutter of the plow. The little fellow was brought to Dr. Gilden's office and had his foot dressed, and is doing very well, under the circumstances.

August 30

How Marion Felt It

Quite a noticeable earthquake occurred Tuesday evening about half past 10 o'clock and rattled things quite generally in all parts of the U. S. All of Marion was in bed and the shock was not felt here to any extent. Windows were broken at one or two places, and we heard a few state they had felt the shock, but not many. It was not sufficient to awaken people from sleep. Later, since writing the above we have met numerous parties who felt the shock or noticed its effect. Gospel Hill seemed to feel it more perceptibly than elsewhere about here. The stories as to its resemblance of various noises are amusing to hear.

Brother Against Brother

The shooting contest of the east end and the west end of the Huber works took place on the shooting grounds, Saturday, Aug. 24. The following is the score:

EAST END	
F. Miller	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 6
Wm. Dutt	1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 6
M. Dowling	0 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 6
Geo. Hanes	1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 4
J. Dee	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2
G. Krause	0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 6
J. Richards	0 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 5
M. Bolander	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 9
WEST END	
J. Stringer	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 8
H. Mumford	1 1 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 6
H. Bolander	0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 7
L. Krause	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 2
J. Fairbanks	0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 8
J. Bolander	0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 4
M. Porch	1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 8
J. Keller	1 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 7

NEIGHBORHOOD.

—MYSTERIOUS DEATH. Mark Philbrick, a boy about thirteen years of age, residing with his parents one mile and a half northwest of Upper Sandusky, went out after supper Saturday evening to stable the cows. About an hour later he was found dead, lying upon his face in the barn yard. The cause of his death is shrouded in mystery.

—DROWNED AT GATION. Last Saturday afternoon the relatives and friends of Ed Weiler, of Galion, were horrified to receive the information that he was drowned in the reservoir near the C. & O. I. & R. railway. He, with several others left shortly after 12 o'clock to go fishing and afterwards went in bathing. He ventured too far into the deep places and was drowned before assistance reached him. Tom Smith, a brakeman on the N. Y. P. and O. railroad was near by when the news was circulated, and he made several dives, at last finding the body and bringing it to shore. His parents are nearly wild over the sad and unexpected death. He was thirteen years old.

—MYSTERY AT CAKEY. A mysterious affair is reported from Carey, Wyandot county. George H. Hall man, editor of the Times at that place, Sunday evening bade some friends good night and started home. Mrs. Tallman and little daughter were visiting friends at Delaware, and, as Mr. Tallman did not make his appearance in the morning, an examination of the premises was made. He was found in a spare bedroom upstairs lying under the bed in an unconscious condition. He was divested of all his clothing, and apparently had been in bed in another part of the house, judging from his confused condition. Restoratives were administered, but Monday evening he was still unconscious. Tallman is a young man of correct habits, and this condition of affairs is enveloped in mystery.

—THEY FIXED HIM. Sunday night a party of eight or ten masked men, armed with guns, repaired about dusk to the residence of Simon Dolph, a farmer, about thirty five years of age, residing two miles north of the village of Rome, in the northern part of Allen county. As they approached the place, he was going from the barn to the house. They ordered him to stop, and threatening to shoot him if he made any noise, compelled him to march in an easterly direction to a clump of trees about forty rods from the house. There they stripped him of his clothes and forcing him to walk naked to a burying ground near Rome, tarred and feathered him from head to foot. They then marched him at the head of a procession to the village square, where they built a bon fire and made him walk around it several times in the full gaze of the citizens. If he murmured to anything they threatened to shoot him. After this they let him go home, his track thither being traced in the morning by feathers and chunks of tar. Dolph is said to have made himself obnoxious in the community by quarrelling with his neighbors and by declaring that he had been intimate with nearly every woman in the neighborhood. About a month ago an attempt was made to get him out of the house at night, but he opened fire on his tormentors and compelled them to beat a retreat. For several years he has been afraid to leave the house at night for fear of meeting his neighbors.

—The Earthquake. The earthquake which was felt nearly throughout the entire country Tuesday night, has done no especial or serious damage. The time the shock was felt is reported variously throughout the United States, the time indicated ranging from eight to eleven o'clock, as the telegraph gives it from different localities. The alarm was almost general, and people were frightened from their beds into the streets, reporters and printers on morning papers were driven from their work, clocks stopped and buildings shook. The effect of the quake was observed throughout this State to a more or less extent, and has been described as a tremor rather than a shock. From Zaneville it is reported that the doors of a four ton safe cracked on their hinges, window panes were shattered, and several buildings are said to have moved half an inch from their foundations. Similar experiences are reported from different localities, and great excitement prevailed.

Various theories are advanced as to the cause of the shock.

—Killing Sheep. Large load for \$1.25 at Prendergast's.

THE STATE FAIR.

The Formal Dedication of the New Grounds at Columbus Yesterday. Speeches made by the Governor, Senator Sherman and Judge Thurman.

COLUMBUS, Sept. 1.—The Ohio State fair of 1896 was fairly opened yesterday. The future of the day being the formal dedication of the new grounds recently purchased by the State board of agriculture. Monday was announced as the first day, but the time was wholly taken up by exhibitors who were busy in placing their displays in position. Yesterday the beautiful grounds interspersed with lakes, drives and fountains put on their holiday attire and gay streamers were flying from the many new and handsome buildings that dot the landscape at regular intervals. The exhibits are excellent, being especially fine in the live stock and machinery departments while the domestic fabrics and fine arts are by no means neglected. The arrangements for transporting passengers from the city to the grounds could not well be improved upon the last time, and running trains every eight minutes between the Union depot and grounds. Superintendent Robert Blee of Cleveland is here to personally supervise the running of trains and see that the work of moving the crowd is promptly accomplished.

At two o'clock yesterday afternoon the formal dedication of the grounds took place. General Huston of Chillicothe on behalf of the State board tendered the grounds to the State in a brief speech reviewing the purchase and the work of beautifying the same on which \$140,000 have been expended.

Governor Foraker on arising to accept the grounds on behalf of the State was received with great applause. He accepted the grounds not with reservations as he had been advised to do but proudly, manfully, and bravely. The board had worked against many obstacles but succeeded in preparing for the occupancy of the State fair grounds which were a credit to it and a testimonial to the energy of the board. He said the State fair had for many years been wandering over the State like the children of Israel in the desert but it now had a permanent home. His speech was full of wit and was received by the audience with great applause.

The Governor was followed by Judge Allen G. Thurman who spoke briefly. Then came Senator Sherman in the speech of the day which was a splendid one and received with great favor.

At the close of Senator Sherman's speech Mayor Wakarusa welcomed the people to the fair. President John C. Leavering then declared the fair formally opened and invited the distinguished gentlemen present to examine the various departments.

Today there is a large crowd on the grounds enjoying the fair which is a grand success. Tomorrow is the big day for attendance and it would be difficult to estimate the size of the numerous crowd that will be here.

—FAIRWELL TO MELLOW AUGUST. The Magnificent Crops of Fruits and Vegetables A Visit to the Market, where the Melon and Cucumber is Down to Gettier.

The prophetic lamentations of producers and consumers over the disastrous effect of the long drought in the early part of summer were entirely wasted. The continued dry weather of June and the first weeks of July seem to have been rather beneficial than detrimental to all fruits. The grain crops may have suffered somewhat and the pasture lands were almost burned dry, but as a general thing the fruit crop this year is far beyond the expectations of farmers.

The ears of wheat, rye and oats are well filled, though the kernels are small. A comparatively dry season is more beneficial to the development of grain than extreme moisture, as in years that are very wet the presence of a crop, especially in hay and rye is very abundant.

The fruit crop is something splendid. In Delaware and New Jersey between four and five million baskets of peaches will be shipped, and reports from Kelly Island and other vineyards are very encouraging to the lovers of grapes.

The markets present a very prosperous appearance now. Sweet corn is plentiful and fine but many sellers like to mix some ears of the coarser kind with the genuine sweet corn. It is not generally known that our palatable succotash, a mixture of corn and beans—is handed down to us by the Indians prepared by their women on the occasion of the green corn festival one of their most celebrated feasts.

Peas and peas plums young apples blackberries tomatoes all these are in great abundance and with their excellence, baffle the prophecies of the weather man who declared a complete failure of all the products would inevitably result from the drought.

The mud rain apple pretty but some has appeared and the glossy small cherry abounds in the house with to lay in a store of cherry only for the days when the rain begins to darken the dear November, and the frogs that have croaked in the marshes all summer lay down some child's throat and set up their hoarse whooping there.

SUCH IS THE ADVICE OF THE POET OF THE SIERRAS.

What Joaquin Miller Says of New York—
The Vine-Clad Hills of the Carolinas—
Life in the Sierras—Arizona and New Mexico.

Get out of the cities and stay out of the cities. The cities of the United States are too big entirely. I mean to say that our population in the cities is fearfully disproportionate to our population in the country. To say nothing about the great clear truth that neither genius nor great judgment ever flourished in a city with out first drawing its milk from the country. I beg you to compare England's country population with her city population, and then ours. Take France if you like it better, or Germany. You will be startled. But I have neither space nor disposition to debate or cry out against this cowardly disposition to hide away in the commercial, pork packing cities of America. But I will say this of New York, a city I know fairly well for some years of residence there. I never saw such ignorant people anywhere on earth as the people of New York. Yes, they read. But what do they read? The papers. And the papers they read are the New York papers. They simply read of themselves—their own sins, their own follies, their own weary and tireless round and repetition of crimes, set and served as a breakfast dish by the brilliant men of the pens. Get out of that place and stay out of it. Get out of all such places. Get into the country, into the lifted hills if you can. It is only a little distance to the glorious green and vine-clad hills of the Carolinas. Send some one of your number down there to see those fruitful and beautiful hills, and my word for it you will not willingly spend all your life inside the line of folly which makes up life in a great city. Get out of those places with your children. No English gentleman who can afford it will leave his children to the follies and the sins of a city. No wise man will, of whatever land. And so it is with a warm heart I should like to respond to this cry which appeals to me from the cities for homes and information about homes in the west.

Frankly, then, I would first say go down into the pleasant mountains of the Carolinas first, because that is close by. Get a bit of land there if you like it. Get it now. It will never be cheaper than it is now. Next year it may be double its present price. At least, inquire there rather than of me. Do you know that nearly all our grapes in the eastern states, as well as elsewhere, came from the Carolinas long ago? Do you know that the medical herbs of the Carolinas took the world's prize in Paris? Do you know that these silent and voiceless states have given the world the only new gem that has been named since Christ was born? Go down and look at these states. They are close by, and no wild beast or wild man will dispute your path. Go to Cherokee county. You will find gold there. You will find plenty of Cherokee Indians there still. I have seen at one time at least twenty free-born daughters of these brave people standing in the water to the knees washing for gold. Go down there and see these lands first.

If you do not like it there, and can afford to come to the Sierras, why come here and companion with the peaks. Only get out of the cities. I repeat it for your own good, for the good of the nation, get out of the city and stay out of the city. But don't come to California with the idea that you can be idle. There are too many here who are possessed with that notion already.

If you want a great future to be won with great enterprise, go to Arizona and settle on the broad fields of grass and take your chances on finding water some where down in the earth. I would say the same thing of New Mexico. And I advise either of those territories before California, simply because they are closer to your hand—the very same reason for urging the Carolinas on your attention before other places.

Let me say this, as a traveler and a man who loves Mother Earth and makes himself familiar with her. All lands are more alike than you imagine. And wherever a man has set his foot and found the land of milk and honey he has remained. The honey is in the possession of the other man all the time, wherever you may travel. Goodness! didn't we go through all this when hunting for gold here long ago? How many an old miner will turn to you now and testify that if he only had staid where he was in some mountain gulch, with pure air, pleasant surroundings, he would have, all in good time, had as much gold as he could carry.

But no, it was always a little further on. Oftentime it was far, far way. Now it was Owens river, away in the south, yet either place, as a rule, no better than the nearest little gulch to our cabin door. So, in settling, decide what you want to do. And decide first this: That no man has any right to stay in a city unless he is bound by his duties to stay there. The mean and selfish desire to stay in a city for pleasure is about as low a desire as I can think of. Indeed, the selfish pursuit of pleasure anywhere, or of any kind, merely for pleasure's sake, is a worthy of any man. The pursuit of pleasure is a woman's pursuit, and a very weak order of women at that.

As I said before, if it is big money you want, and big work, large-brained enterprise, take possession of Arizona. There are no Indians there, as a rule. The newspaper must have its Indian story every week. But there are no Indians to trouble you there. I am almost in sight of Capt. Jack's old lava beds here. And down at the bottom of the beds are settlers who have been there entirely undisturbed for a quarter of a century.

Go to Arizona if you like. Leave your guns and take your plows. I spent a week down there, as you all know, last spring, when the Indian stories were full size, and rode far and wide looking at the lands. And I always rode alone, and, of course, unarmed.

But if you are leaving the city in search of health simply, come here. Come here and settle on a hill so steep that a bear can knock you half way to the bottom of it in the first round. And my word for it the work of climbing it in this sweet air, with these white trout streams all about you, will cure you of almost any malady before the year is over. But you will not get rich—Joaquin Miller in Chicago Times.

Bananas in Sacramento.

Ripe and palatable bananas have been grown in a Sacramento garden this season without any sort of artificial protection and fully exposed to the air.

CURIOUS MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES.

People Who by Giving Tips Manage to Secure Good Customers.

To be in the commission business is considered an honorable calling, but it has come to pass that there is a class of commission men who are not only a nuisance to their employers, but they are an ulcer on the nose of honest dealing, quite offensive.

"It happens almost every week," said a well known butcher, "that I am approached either by stewards of private families, hotels or steamboats, who give me to understand that for a quiet 'tip' once in a while they will turn their employer's trade to my market."

"What do you do?"
"If I think the trade is worth having I give the fee. Why not? Others do it, and the only way I can fight 'em is with their own weapons. Why, only the other day I had the meat cook in one of the largest and most fashionable boarding-houses in the city tell me that if I would give her 5 per cent. commission she would bring me the trade of the house, which probably amounts to \$30 or \$25 per week."

"And you didn't take the bid?"
"No, because I have reason to know that she couldn't fill the contract."

The reporter's next visit was to one of the leading grocery stores in the city, and when the object of his visit was made known the proprietor remarked: "Yes, I hear of such things once in awhile. In fact I kicked a great mean-mouthed man out of my store one day last winter who had informed me that unless I did the square thing with him he would take his employer's trade to another store. I asked him what he thought would be square, and he replied that I ought to furnish him with what groceries and canned goods would be used by his family."

"That was modest enough."
"Yes, that was cheap, but I didn't like the check of the fellow. These cases are rare, but I'll tell you a system not so rare. Cooks and stewards often make bargains with butchers and grocers through the drivers of the delivery carts and wagons. That's common, and I've even heard where the drivers make quite a little commission in this way."

Next a visit was paid to a prosperous carriage builder and repairer, who didn't hesitate to say that coachmen and hostlers tapped him for tips. "Only this afternoon a hostler came in and asked me for 50 cents. I knew that he wanted it to get a drink, but I gave it to him without question, because I know he has the placing of the horseshoeing of a man who owns three horses."

"How about coachmen?"
"Well, a little over a year ago I sold a carriage to a gentleman and got \$425 for it. True, I made the sale somewhat through the influence of the coachman, and I would have been willing to pay him a slight commission."

"What did he demand?"
"He called around and said he wanted \$25. I offered him \$10, and he appeared insulted. Then I got mad, words followed, and the meeting ended by my saying I would smash his nose."

"Served him right."
"But that didn't end it. About a month later the man who bought the carriage came around and hinted that I had cheated him; that the wheels wouldn't 'track,' and that it pulled a great deal harder than when he first bought it. I asked him to bring the buggy around to the shop, and when he did so I took the wheels off and found that the axle-tree had been wrenched, and by main force, so that the wheel did not set squarely on it. In this way friction had ground the axle-tree just where the box hits the shoulder."

"How do you know that it was done by main force?"
"Because, suspecting that, I told the employer of the demand the coachman had made on me, and he taxed the fellow with it, at the same time charging him with having bent the axle. Then the man confessed. That's how I know."—Detroit Free Press.

Mistakes Concerning Hindu Religion.

It is rather sad to perceive how completely some European observers mistake and misinterpret the Indian people on the question of their religion. They style them "idolaters"—imagine that Hindus attribute divine qualities to the uncouth figures, the red stones, the lingams, carved snakes, and grim Bhovans which they worship. Because they find Mahadeo adored in one place, Gupat in another, Kali elsewhere, and trees, rivers, and cows objects of prayer, they suppose the Hindus, one and all, polytheists.

Yet it would be almost as unjust to ascribe polytheism to Londoners because one church is dedicated to St. Matthew, another to the Holy Trinity, a third to St. Bridget. All these various gods and sacred objects are for the educated Indian mere "aids to faith," manifestations—more or less appropriate and elevated—of the all-pervading and undivided Para-Brahm. Even the poor peasant of the fields, and the gentle Hindu wife, perambulating a peep-tree smeared with red, will tell you that the symbol they reverence is only a symbol. There is hardly one of them so ignorant as not to know that commonplace of Vedantism: "Every prayer which is uttered finds its way to the ear of Keshava."—Edw. in Arnold.

A Thrust at Burdette.

Robert Burdette, general humorist and good fellow generally, doesn't seem to know much about country life. He tells of a city man who went to have a quiet time in the country and "who was taught harvesting the first day, sheep washing and shearing the next, and fence building and wood chopping the third. Now, Robert, you ought to know that sheep are not washed and sheared the same day and, that anyhow sheep shearing blooms in the spring, train, and not in harvest time, and that the family firewood is cut in the winter, and that the wild whirl of fence building is never indulged in even by the most dissipated of farmers while the harvest is ripe. Go to—Robert, go to the country.—Detroit Free Press.

Remarkable English Opinions.

The London Academy presents some remarkable revised judgments of famous Americans. Daniel Webster, it seems, "died not, indeed, in obscurity, or altogether unremembered, but little honored." As for Abraham Lincoln, "it is easy to overestimate his worth. He was honest and he was energetic, but in no sense was he a truly strong man" while Grant was "greater as a man than as a general."—Chicago Journal.

Changed His Opinion.

Julian Hawthorne once thought he could make money by writing books. He is hedging on that opinion now and is writing letters for the newspapers. It is a sort of Hawthorne hedge.—Detroit Free Press.

Lord Churchill's American Gold.

Talking of speeches reminds me that I have read a most amusing remark made by Lord Randolph Churchill in one of his few nights ago. Here is the remark: "Mr. Gladstone has also American gold to help him. Eighty-five members of Mr. Gladstone's party absolutely depend on their living on the almighty dollar."

There isn't prima facie anything very amusing in it, is there? No. But here is where the amusing part comes in. The laugh begins if we reflect that at the present moment Lord Randolph Churchill is himself—as has been since his marriage—if not altogether, at all events mainly, supported by American dollars, got through his pretty wife. When he married Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, and got a bagful of American gold and "mighty dollars" from her papa in exchange for his very trumpery title, he was almost unknown in the political world. An utter failure at Oxford, where he was a well-known "sponge"—as the other undergraduates of his college can tell you—he was so lucky as to meet at a dinner party in Paris the beautiful American girl who has since become such a prominent character in England. She might have had a hump, or a squint, or a snub nose, it would have been all the same to Lord Randolph, for she had money. If she hadn't had money, I don't think her beauty would have helped her to become Lady Randolph Churchill. Like all other Englishmen of his class, Lord Randolph wouldn't have married any woman who hadn't money, and would have married any woman who had, and when he found that Miss Jerome owned the Union League club property in New York, why he proposed for her "right away." Her acceptance of his little, party hand was the beginning of the successful side of his career. He knows this as well as any one. And therefore I say he is no one to sneer at anything American.—London Correspondent Argonaut.

Caring for Departed Spirits.

The part of Evergreen cemetery where-in are buried the Chinese dead looked all day the other day like a Chinese fair. Before each little earthen pile was a group of devoted Chinamen, with lighted tapers and joss sticks and a huge pile of roasted pigs, chickens and other delicacies, to delight the spirits of departed ones. Alongside of the sacrificial offerings were the various figures made out of fire cracker and other colored paper, some in the shape of men and women, beasts, birds, and dragons, while others imitated the various currencies of the world. They were mostly stamped on the paper, instead of made into the lifelike figures as is the custom in China.

The ceremonies of sending servants and provisions to the dead were conducted in solemn silence. Hardly a word was uttered by the devotees except an occasional whisper to the attendants when anything was required. After all the delicacies had been formally offered to the dead a match was applied to the pile of paper servants, prayers, and money, and just before the blaze died out an urn of rice wine was poured upon it. This was a parting drink to the spirit who carried away the presents.

The ceremonies over, the roasted pigs and chickens were carried back into the various carriages and carted back to Mott street and laundries throughout the city. In China the period for sending offerings to the dead lasts ten days, but here it is briefer. In Mott street the other day it was a general holiday with the Chinamen.—New York Sun.

The Stenographer Market Drooping.

"It would be a kindness to many poor girls and boys," said an old shorthand writer, "if the fact could be printed that the supply of stenographers is largely in excess of the demand. Encouraged by the comfortable salaries which some skilled stenographers earn, thousands—literally thousands—of boys and girls in Chicago have studied or are studying shorthand. Not many of them can hope to get situations. The fact should also be published that the so-called 'schools of stenography' in this and other cities, which advertise that they will secure good situations for all of their graduates, are delusions and snares. Their main purpose is to get the aspirant started, get his money, give him a smattering of shorthand, and then turn him out. No reputable business college or school agrees to secure positions for its pupils."—Chicago Herald.

A Meteor in Canada.

At Valcartier, Canada, a blazing meteor, probably ten feet in circumference, descended from the sky. After touching the earth it assumed a strange appearance, creating terror in the minds of the country people, many of them conjuring up the worst fears, and looking forward to the speedy dissolution of the universe. Just previous to this occurrence the sky lowered and the beams of the field sent up distressing cries, bringing credulous people readily to their knees in a supplicating posture. Within the last few days the lightning has been very severe, and earthquake shocks have been frequent.—New York Sun.

Food for Thought.

"If I was to live my life over again," said an American defaulter as he cocked his feet in the office of a Montreal hotel, "I'd be a lawyer instead of a cashier."

"For why?" was asked.

"Well, I embezzled \$7,000, and am an outlaw and an outcast. My brother-in-law, who is a lawyer, managed an estate so that it put him \$48,000 ahead, and they have just elected him mayor of the town and got him to join the church. I advise young men to think of these things."—Wall Street News.

Had Two New Ones.

Macbeth Simmons is never so happy as when he has got a lawsuit on hand. He is everlastingly suing somebody or being sued. Not long since he met his lawyer, who said:

"I've got bad news. The court of appeals has decided against us. We have lost the case."
"Never mind losing that case. I've got two new ones since I saw you last."—Texas Siftings.

When the River Was Low.

A captain of a river vessel at Quincy says of the Mississippi river: "I have seen it low at some places that we had trouble scaring the calves away from in front of the boat. The whistle was used for that purpose, and sometimes we would have to keep it going continually for a long time."—Chicago News.

Had He Staid at Home.

Dr. Gimlet returns empty-handed from a day's hunting, and in response to his wife's inquiries candidly confesses that he killed nothing. "Why," retorts Mrs. G. slowly, "you could have done better than that had you staid at home and attended to your regular business."—Lowell Citizen.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

THE PECULIAR USE THEY MAKE OF THEIR BIG HORNS.

Very Scarce and Difficult to Kill—How They Deal Themselves Up Into Balls and Roll Over Ledge Precipitous—A Frightful Leap.

Of all the game animals in the north-west, and particularly Montana, the Big Horn or Rocky mountain sheep furnishes the most sport to hunters. Chasing the buffalo across the plains on horseback and killing them with a revolver, which was at one time the favorite method of hunting the bison, used to be the plus minus of Nimrodic amusements in Montana, but since the buffalo have disappeared hunters have drifted back into the mountains, where the "Ovis Montana" are to be found during late years in great abundance. There must be lots of fun scampering over the prairie after a 1,500 pound bull, but there is the heat and violent exercise, not to speak of the danger of your horse plunging into a prairie-dog hole and sending you downward to grass at an angle of 15 to 20 degrees. The mountain sheep is always found among the peaks and cliffs in cool altitude and pretty near the timber or perpetual snow line. The Big Horn sheep of the Rocky mountains is a most difficult animal to bag. They are usually found in pairs, often in flocks of from four to forty, and sometimes in bands of a hundred or more. One old sheep-hunter, living on Prior's fork, near here relates that he saw not long ago a flock of eighty-one sheep in the Hitter Root range, and about five years ago, while scouting through the Teton basin, in northern Wyoming, near the southern boundary of the Yellowstone National park, he ran upon a band that must have numbered over 300.

EXCEEDINGLY SCARCE.

These animals range all the way from Rio Grande to the Mackenzie, but at the limits named they are exceedingly scarce and most difficult to kill. Their natural home is among the mountains of the upper Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Some few are found in Washington territory, Oregon, and California, but the center around which they revolve is the Yellowstone National park and the bordering counties of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. Particularly are they plentiful in the mountains from which they take their name—viz., the Big Horn.

Very little is known of the habits of this rare game animal, even by those who have written on this subject. They range winter and summer alike in the same latitudes and altitudes, only in summer they wander farther away than in the opposite season. During the cold months they stay on the southern slopes of the mountains so as to catch the sun. In the summer they are generally found on the higher benches, where the bunch grass and mountain clover are abundant. Among the peaks where they habituate one of the first things to appear in the spring is the wild onion or leek, which is eagerly sought out and devoured by them. This wild plant imparts to the flesh a delightful flavor, and makes the meat of the Big Horn the most delicious in the mountains. Their greatest enemy is the mountain lion. In fact, the principal diet of the mountain lion is the tender offspring of the "Ovis Montana." When lambs are not to be had, the fierce North American panther does not object to feasting on the parents. These rare sheep are also subject to a sort of scab disease, which, when it becomes epidemic, sweeps off at short notice scores of them, young and old alike. The lambs are brought forth from the 5th to the 20th of May.

The "Ovis Montana" is adorned with the most remarkable headgear imaginable in the shape of monstrous horns. These are used by them for various purposes, but principally as a means of defense. Astonishing as it may seem, they also use their immense horns to assist them in descending from one lofty eminence to a lower. If in skipping from crag to crag and from ridge to ridge it should become necessary to make a jump downward, no matter what the height, they roll themselves up into a kind of ball, vault out into the air, and, turning a succession of somersaults, keep the ball rolling, so to speak, until they strike on their powerful horns below.

VERY HARD TO KILL.

The shock would kill an ordinary animal, but these hardy denizens of the mountains don't seem to mind it much, for they spring to their feet and go bounding over impossible chasms and jagged rocks until it becomes necessary to make another descent, when the same tactics are repeated.

W. B. Dow, of the Green Mountain Cattle company, relates that he saw near his ranch on Powder river, not long ago, a band of 800 mountain sheep. They were browsing on a lofty cliff, when for some unaccountable reason the flock became stampeded and rushed away like the whirlwind. On they came pell mell to the edge of the cliff, which was cut sharp into a perpendicular decline of fully 1,500 feet. The leaders paused, but there was no help for it. The rear guard crowded them over, and the entire flock went neck over heels down into space. It was no doubt a curious sight to see 800 mountain sheep doubled up into balls and falling over one another, until the whole band had made the awful jump. As this was such a frightful leap for any breathing creature to make and live, it is not surprising to know that thirteen out of the 800 were killed by the concussion. The cowboys of the ranch secured the meat, which they declared far superior to their choice Montana steers.

Some of the mountain-sheep horns brought into this last February by a Cheyenne Indian measured seventeen inches in circumference, although only forty inches in length. The ram from which they were taken was a splendid specimen, weighing over 300 pounds, and stood, when erect, nearly up to a man's shoulders.—Fort Keogh Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Don't Ask Too Much of the Memory.

"I always carry a good deal of my business in my head, and avoid the use of books as much as possible," said a prominent business man to an acquaintance last evening. "Then let me tell you it is a bad habit," replied the other. "You had better take warning by the condition of the old gentleman who once had the largest news depot in the city, and carried his business in his head, as you say. To-day he is in the insane asylum as the result of too great a strain upon his mental energies. That practice may do while you are young, healthy and full of intellectual vigor, but nature will demand big interest on the investment when you have advanced in years."—Buffalo Courier.

A CHAPTER ON LUXURY.

What Franklin Thought About It—A Fourteenth Century Writer.

A century ago Franklin thought it worth while to discuss the increase of luxury in this country. He says he had not thought of a remedy for luxury, and was not sure that in a great state it is a viable remedy. Then he set himself to show the mitigations and possible utilities of it, and concluded "that we may hope the luxury of a few merchants on the coast will not be the ruin of America." I know not with exactness whether the delicacies which Franklin styled luxuries, would not even in stark rudeness and simplicity beside what now we behold; but there is little risk in thinking so. For such is the increase of desires with possessions that the case of one age is but a haruspice in the next, and the elegance of one epoch the rusticities of the succeeding.

Wherefore, if we ask what luxury is, we shall find many different answers; for it is said truly that "every indulgence beyond what is usual is commonly termed luxury, and ceases to be luxury when it turns habitual." Thus every historian, ancient and modern, while he inveighs against the luxury of his own time, wonders at the former historians for characterizing as luxuries what he considers as conveniences merely, or rational improvements. For example, a writer of the fourteenth century censures his countrymen for having luxury in having chimneys and wells, table cloths and silver forks and spoons, even tallow candles set in iron or copper candlesticks, and two fires, "one for the chamber and one for the kitchen," this writer thinks, smack of delicate excess. Hollinshed scents luxury in using oak for building dwellings. "When our houses were built of willow," he writes, "then we had oaken men; but now that our houses are made of oak, our men are not only become willow, but as Persian delicacies creep in among us, altogether for straw, which is a sore alteration."

I have read a story that "A knot of Highlanders, beaunted, wrapped themselves up in their plaids and lay down in the snow to sleep. A young gentleman, making up a ball of snow, used it for a pillow. His father, striking away the ball with his foot, 'What, sir!' says he, 'are you turning effeminate?'" One writer defines luxury very precisely, if not wisely; he says it is habitual excess of taste, touch and smelling; these senses he considers the merely corporal senses, with no such relation to the mind as the eye and the ear have. But he takes a wide scope for the sense of touch, for he argues that the increase of wheel carriages within a century is a pregnant proof of the growth of luxuries or indolence."—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Millionaire's Wall.

Nothing is more ridiculous and contemptible than the pretended dissatisfaction of wealthy people with their riches. An instance of this kind was furnished by an eastern paper the other day. A millionaire was going up The Tribune elevator, and, incidentally hearing that one of the elevator men had gone to see the base ball match, delivered himself of the following:

"That is right. You are not rich and can afford to enjoy yourself. I am weighed down with wealth and must work from morning to night to take care of my interests. I wish I was boycotting somebody so that I might have a rest."

It is a fair sample of a great deal of talk that is heard from the wealthy men. It would be better left unsaid, because no body believes that it is honest or that it is not arrogant and hypocritical. If these rich men are sincere they could very easily lessen their burden. It is not very difficult to get rid of one's money. But they don't want to get rid of it. They want to get more all the time, and they work hard and decline recreation solely for this purpose. Instead of contracting their business, they go on enlarging it. They are so wrapped up in money-getting that base ball has no attractions for them, and that is the real reason they don't go to see the games. No, your average rich man has no desire to be a poor man, whatever he may say to the contrary. He is very well contented with his lot in life.—Chicago Journal.

Orchids in the Tropics.

In the tropics the finest orchids are often found in the tops of the highest trees at such an elevation that they can only be reached by cutting down the tree, while few are seen in the lower shades of the forest, which are singularly bare of bloom. Perched high in air and shaded by the foliage of the tree upon which it grows, the orchid makes its home, and the perilous experiences of collectors in their attempt to find some new and rare species would fill volumes. Instances are not uncommon of expert collectors having been sent thousands of miles across the ocean to some remote part of South America, India or the Malay archipelago to secure some orchid of which a specimen or two may have been brought home.—Chicago Herald.

Blind Men of Brooklyn.

The blind men of Brooklyn are in the main self-supporting. All are engaged either in commercial pursuits or else work at trades. Piano-tuning is their favorite pursuit. Nearly all are married and have families. None have married wives similarly affected, and the total number of blind men in the city, which is less than one hundred, are friendly and aid each other in time of need. One of them is worth \$100,000, and a dozen more are worth half that amount.—Brooklyn Letter.

Watering Places People.

Persons at most watering places or summer resorts are divided into two parts—the cottagers and the hotel guests. Usually the feud is as severe as that between the Montagus and the Capulets. The cottagers will have none of the hotel people and the latter endeavor to look down on the cottagers.—Exchange.

Porpoise Leather.

Porpoise leather is being used in the manufacture of shoes, the resemblance to French kid being very marked. It has a long, tenacious fiber, and as it will not crack or tear is very durable and waterproof, and makes an excellent leather.—Chicago News.

When They Come Up.

The kicking a dog when he is down is quite too horrid, and it's just as well to remember that all the dogs who are down do not stay so, and that when they come up they bite deep and usually in a tender spot.—"Bab" in New York Star.

Refreshing His Mind.

Mr. Gladstone refreshes his ever youthful mind by reading Dante's poems under the trees when every other statesman in England is on the tip-toe of expectation.—London Letter.

THE SWEETEST TIME FOR COURTING.

'Tis pleasant to sit by the parlor stove,
When the coal is brightly glowing,
On a winter night with your own true love,
While the fierce nor'easter's blowing.
But pleasant far is the summer night,
When the dew is on the roses,
And fair Diana's silvery light
A beautiful scene discloses.

Oh, then to wander through the grove,
Where the breeze with balm is laden,
And softly tell the tale of love
To a fair and gentle maiden!

Oh, the soft, the balmy summer night,
When katydids are sporting,
And we see the fire-flies flashing bright,
Is the sweetest time for courting.
Albany Argus.

Canned Food in the Arctic.

Lieut. A. W. Greeley, in a letter upon the effects of freezing upon canned fruits and vegetables, especially as regards the texture and flavor of tomatoes, corn, etc., says: "Apples, peaches, pears, rhubarb, green peas, green corn, onions, potatoes and tomatoes were all subject to extreme temperatures (over 60 degrees below zero) and were sold for months at a time. The second summer they thawed, the following winter froze solid again. All the articles named presented the same appearance as though freshly canned, and their flavor was as good when the last can was eaten as in the first month. It should be understood that these were first class canned goods and from dealers of standing and reliability."

"Cranberry sauce, preserved damsons, preserved peaches and fruit butters suffered certain changes from candying, etc., which detracted somewhat from their flavor, though not materially so. Dealers in such preserves predicted that such conditions and changes would occur. I had also canned turnips, squash, beets and carrots as well as pineapples, cherries, grapes, clams, shrimps and crabs which although not subjected to such extreme temperatures as the foregoing yet froze and thawed repeatedly without injury. No can of any kind except a few, say half a dozen of fruit butters, was ever burst by action of cold or heat. No illness of any kind occurred prior to our retreat, and those most inclined to canned fruits and vegetables were the healthiest and strongest of the party."—American Grocer.

How They Drink Beer in Spain.

They drink beer in a curious manner in Spain. A correspondent of The Hanover Courier relates how his guide, a Frenchman, by name of Laboisie, proposed to visit a brewery, operated by a firm with a German name. It was notable for its cool accommodations. The weather was very warm, and a cool spot as well as a cool fatherland's draught was not to be despised. As they entered they were confronted by some Andalusian peasants in their picturesque costumes. They had evidently come in to the celebration of some patron saint's festival, and wished to gratify their curiosity with regard to the new strange drink styled "cervese." Two bottles insecurely corked were brought, a large and a small one, also a soap dish, into which Laboisie poured the contents of the larger, which had a beer-like color. The contents of the smaller bottle followed, the fluid being of a pale, lemonade color. Laboisie stirred up the mixture before him with as much solicitude as though concocting a pineapple punch. This was the custom of the country. The beverage, which savored more of flat lemonade than of beer, was then drunk out of small glasses.—Brewer's Guardian.

Concerning Florida Mosquitoes.

We have to give it up. The toughest mosquito yards come from down the river. It is told of one of the crew of the steamer Rockledge, that after they got into the inlet, when night came he went to sleep in a state-room, the window to which was protected by a screen. He had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a sense of suffocation—the mosquitoes had thronged the screen and stuck their heads into the meshes till he had excluded every particle of air. He frantically kicked out the screen and now he does not know whether he would rather die of suffocation or mosquito bites. Another voracious statement from below is that a young man went to work for the first time on his homestead, providing himself with a good saffron netting bar. The first night he pitched tent, hung his net, and went to bed. For three days and nights he did not stir. The mosquitoes had so thickly covered his net on the outside that it was perfectly dark inside—he did not know when daylight came.—Indian River (Fla.) Sun.

Opening for Our Boys.

In glancing over the possible openings for boys, one is forced to admit that unless a lad had genius, perseverance, and a good, physical constitution, he will find the beginning of a professional life be almost insurmountably difficult. If he be obliged from the start to depend upon his profession for a living. So large is the competition, even in our own comparatively new country, and still more so in England and on the continent, that the inducements to enter the so-called learned professions are financially very small. Each year, thousands of young men are graduated from our universities and schools of learning, only a very small proportion of whom are ever heard of afterward in the real contest of life. And it has become a notable fact that an advertisement for a man to fill any but a manual position will bring a number of college graduates out of all proportion to the total applicants.—Scientific American.

Hot Weather in the West.

The Estelle fire company was called out in great haste at about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon by a conflagration raging in the Sioux river west of here. The run to the river was made in four and one-half minutes and by hard work the fire was extinguished after about six rods of the river had been totally destroyed. No insurance. A man has been hired to draw water down in a barrel and repair the break. It is expected that navigation will be resumed in a few days.—Estelle (D. T.) Bell.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Baptist entertainment will be both instructive and amusing.

We understand that Sam Kruse has been quite ill for a few days.

But Robins show is billed for Rich and one week from Saturday.

Elias S. Marsh and Jennie E. McSweeney and John Philip and John Myers were married Thursday.

The ladies of the Free Baptist church were cleaning house Thursday. Cleanliness and godliness go together.

Little's World, which appears here next Wednesday night, is playing at Hood's theater in Chicago this week.

A number of the Baptists of this city were at Prospect Friday attending a meeting of the Mt. Vernon Baptist association at that place.

Well Bros., of Cleveland, will open a dry goods store on September 12th in Judge Norris' room, formerly the Hotel building, on Main street.

We hear that burglars visited the Hill Wednesday night, and attempted forcing an entrance to the house of D. B. Donward. They were frightened away.

A school's list seems to have fallen into innocuous desuetude. This is well. It wasn't a very large one and some of the laws were unnecessarily excited.

Two hundred or more tickets were sold for the C. H. V. and I excursion to the State fair Thursday. Marion county seems to have contributed liberally in attendance.

In the Marion announcements B. F. Watkins, W. L. Clark and Miles Longshore are named as suitable candidates for Auditor and C. Holman, M. A. Unapher and Bryan Maloney for Commissioners.

The county commissioners were in regular quarterly session Thursday at the auditor's office and transacted considerable business. Commissioner Embury was present for the first time for three or four sessions.

Buyns' band and firemen's tournament was again a success Thursday. Mansfield, Woodruff and Upper Sandusky carried off the honors and big money. Eight thousand people were out and enjoyed the proceedings.

There is an unusually big demand for the city hall for fall week for dances and the like. Considering this fact Mayor Gault has concluded to treat all alike and let the highest bidder have it. Sealed bids will be received until next Wednesday night.

H. W. Holloway, advance agent of "Little's World," was in the city Thursday arranging for that company's appearance here. Those of our people who have seen the "World" know what a powerful play it is with scenic effects that call forth the greatest praise everywhere.

Richwood Gazette. M. J. Schindler was in Marion last Friday, and purchased a new and improved tile machine. His old one has done good and useful work, but could not meet the present demands. Mr. Schindler informs us that he has found ready sale for all his tile this season.

The pleasing word comes from Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Marshman, of Shakopee, Minn., that their home has been made happier by the arrival of a little babe to bless their union. "Squire" could give us the information and we could not let that he felt much his clatter over being "uncle" again.

At Little's World, one can see some of the most spectacular effects ever shown on the stage. Among them are the "Ship at Sea," "The Raft" and "The Moon Upon the Lake." The company will put all of its scenery on the stage here, and it will be an attraction that a Marion audience has never seen at home.

Richwood Gazette. New telegraph poles and wires have taken the place of the old ones along the line of the N. Y. P. and O. within the past few days as it by magic. The new poles are much larger than the old ones with greater capabilities for use. The cross piece attached admits four wires and provisions are made for another cross piece. The old ones were about played out and could not be used with the increasing demand for extra lines.

While the Mohawk baseball club was awaiting the train for Lima Friday a letter was gotten out of the postoffice requiring a postponement of the game, as the Old City club could not play that day. Then there was a wait of disappointment. Besides the members of the club, with their luggage and bats were a number of the boys and men who had figured on going some of whom had laid off from work especially for the trip. They were all disappointed in no little degree.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. D. Gregory visited at Buyns Thursday.

Judge Crosswell and wife visited in the Capital City Wednesday.

Mrs. J. F. McNeal has returned home from a visit at Meadville, Pa.

Miss Sadie Denison, of Ottville, O., is visiting her uncle, L. Denison.

Mrs. C. A. McWilliams and Miss Pearl were at Columbus Wednesday.

Dr. W. J. Campbell of Elletts was in on Columbus street Thursday.

Miss Eva Yake returned Wednesday from a pleasant visit in Cleveland.

Mrs. Della Wenz, of Delaware, is visiting Misses Alice and Gertrude Dordard.

Joe Miller and R. M. Smith took in the band and fireman tournament Thursday at Buyns.

Commissioner S. Mithally is confined to his room from a severe attack of cold.

George Culley, of Cornet, Marion county is visiting his cousin Otto Culley in Marion.

W. S. Ritchie and C. C. Williamson, sub agents of the U. S. Express company were in the city Thursday on business.

Prof. Cronse has just returned from an interesting visit at Washington, Pa. where he visited the largest of wells in the world. Mrs. Cronse accompanied him, but stopped at Westernville again on her return.

—Miss Jennie Shaw, of Mt. Gilead, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. F. F. Seffner, on east Center street.

—Richwood Gazette. Mrs. Jane M. Finley, of Marion, visited her son F. R. in this place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Camp drove across the country Friday to Wood county, where they will visit W. F. Dowling and sister.

Mrs. Kelly Mount nee Miss Mary Dury, of North Lewisburg is visiting relatives and friends in this city for a few days.

Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. McDonald of Lebanon who have been visiting the family of Peter Dowling, in this city left Friday for Mt. Vernon.

Mike Clurey, the boss horse shod, was called to the State fair at Columbus this week to keep the dyers well shod. Mike knows how to do it.

Miss Matta Price and Miss Susie Scott, of Kenton, who have been the guests at W. Dowling and family for the last ten days, returned to their home Friday.

Geo. W. Conrad is making arrangements to spend the winter in Washington, D. C. He will take his horse and buggy, and proposes to spend the winter enjoyably.

Prof. John G. Sorensen, who entertained our people in Marion last night, gave us a fraternal call yesterday. The professor is connected with the Pittsburg Times and a very pleasant gentleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowling accompanied by their son Clarence left Marion Friday morning for West Mansfield, Logan county, to attend a yearly meeting of the Disciples, and will return next Monday.

A. V. Court arrived home Thursday from Wellston, Ohio and South in Ohio towns where he has been on K. of P. business. The brethren down there presented him with an elegant K. of P. chain that he values very highly.

J. B. Wallace, telegraph operator at the N. Y. P. and O. office in this city has been called to the desk of the general office of the company in Cleveland. Frank Winters, of Richwood, has taken Wallace's place at this point.

Upper Sandusky Union. Father Burns, of Marion, the beloved pastor of the Catholic church in that city, was here Wednesday the guest of Father Mizel, of Kirby. He is an able and most excellent gentleman and a great favorite in his locality.

Mt. Gilead Register. John Hancock, president of the Farmers Bank at Marion, and his family drove to Mt. Gilead Saturday afternoon. On Sunday they with Postmas to Elletts and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Vanhook in the shade at the residence of Wm. Coughlin in Johnsville.

Caledonia.

[From the Argus.]

Ellsworth Downs was prostrated by the heat, while assisting in threshing at Jesse Geddes on Saturday. Medical assistance was procured at once and we hear he has recovered.

On Tuesday, while Sam Bluck was loading a log in the woods, one end went off the wagon, and in pulling the end that still remained on it in some way slipped striking the skid in such a manner as to throw it about ten feet into the air and in coming down it struck his iron horse on the neck and head with force enough to knock him senseless for five minutes or more. Sam says he thought it was good-by Jim.

On Sunday night, when two of our youths with their best girls were returning from a drive in the country, a strap broke or something happened to the neckyoke and let the buggy pole fall. This was at the north end of Water street, and the team was driven into the ditch near Mrs. Gushon's, but there were breakages enough to let the horses loose from the buggy, and they made good time through town and a few miles into the country. We hear that the occupants were thrown out of the buggy, but no one was hurt.

As W. W. Campbell was driving to town in his buggy Tuesday morning, while crossing the old bridge, his horse—a three year old—became a little scared at something on one side of the bridge and jumped to the other, which brought the wheels in contact with the structure, and caused considerable racket. Wes does not know exactly how it all occurred, but he found himself out of the buggy behind the old wheels and being dragged from the bridge by the lines. Realizing that he was in a ticklish position, he let go his hold and the steel went on his crock alone. On picking himself up, Wes found the broken into landing and an axle bent like an elbow. He himself was bruised on the legs and a little trouble attaches to his back, but he says he thought, during the short time he had to think that it was going to be worse. Some of the harness was broken in the tangle.

Trap and Trigger.

In the regular shooting contest of the Marion Gun Club Thursday afternoon seven members participated and the score below is the result. Wm. Fies and G. C. Stone were tied with a good score and Stone was again successful in shooting off the tie.

After the regular contest several numbers and some of the visitors from Morristown shot twelve rounds in which the totals were: Wolf 9 Stone 8 Brady 7 Thew 11, Richards 8 H. Ridenbaugh 5 Fies 7 Harcourt 9 W. Shubert and Mouser shot six rounds each the former getting a total of 4 and Mouser 6.

The score of the regular contest is as follows:

Stone	110101111011101112
H. Ridenbaugh	1011011011011110
A. Ridenbaugh	1000010111110000
H. Harcourt	0011101011010110
Spaulding	11110101100110111
Fies	111001111101111112
Thew	0001011011011000

"J. N." Postpones.

F. N. acting philosophically, is determined to allow the kind people to reflect until the evening of the 9th. "J. N." thus says in a despatch from Decatur, Ill.

With all the sympathy shown by the kind people of Marion, please allow them to reflect until the evening of the 9th.

Yes, They Have.

Lots of that nice Massillon coal at Presdergate.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

The Regular Session Has a Full Attendance, but Not a Great Deal of Work of Particular Importance.

The council met in regular monthly session Wednesday evening, with all the members present and His Honor Mayor Gault, in the chair for the first time in three months.

The minutes were read and followed by a proposition of Misses Thompson and Taylor as to the grading of their walks on South street. The one was referred to the street and alley committee.

D. Kelly and others presented petitions for stone gutters on both sides of north Main street to farming and Phos Butler and John E. Davids each presented remonstrances to the same. Both petitions and remonstrances were referred to the street and alley committee.

A petition was presented by Thos. Kerr and others praying for an improvement of Patterson street in the way of grading and stoning. As usual it was referred to the street and alley committee.

The same committee was instructed to report the ditch on north West street, from Mark south to the culvert in front of I. R. Roberts property.

The matter of lighting and furnishing gas for the street lamps was referred to the committee on public buildings and gas. Since vapor lamps have been adopted the street lighter draws pay for them from the company that owns them, and his salary must be reduced by the corporation. The matter of furnishing gas implies an interview with the gas company to see if they will stand the city off any longer. The gas fund has long since been exhausted owing to a mistake in the levy, and the gas company can hope to draw no pay until next February.

Bills amounting to about \$600 were ordered paid, and a bill of about \$800 refused. When Kelly Bros. stoned Silver street beyond the corporation from the Big Island pike to Marion they stoned about 800 yards inside the corporation line. The county commissioners, for whom they were doing the work refused payment for the unauthorized work inside the corporation line, and likewise the council refused to honor the bill.

Bids for 1200 yards of crushed stone were then opened. D. & N. J. Lawrence offered to furnish the same delivered as per specifications for 93 cents per cubic yard, and Miles Gregory and Chris West bid 94 cents. The contract was awarded Messrs. Lawrence.

A resolution was passed authorizing the Mayor to sign the petition to the board of county commissioners for an underground drain from Goose Creek in Marion to the Little Scioto, along the route of the N. Y. P. and O.

Council then adjourned.

Musical.

A charming rendering of vocal and instrumental music was given Wednesday by pupils of Misses Fila and Carrie Winnek, at their rooms, south Main street. A select audience, composed of parents and friends, gave a just appreciation of the progress of pupils, the majority of whom have not been under instruction scarcely one term. Those of more extended time gave their teachers much credit.

The opening piece by a quartet of young ladies was charmingly sung, and gave stimulus to those following in solos. A song by Von Weber, sung by Miss Oma Walters, was excellent. Miss Hattie Klingel was very interesting in an organ solo. Miss Kate Rayl gave a rendering of piano solo, a gavot by Gless. Masters Dan and Johnny Evans did themselves great credit in their organ solos, the younger having taken only six lessons. They bid fair to be the organists of the future. Misses Carrie Winnek and Maggie Rayl in vocal duet; the rendering was charming, and gave much pleasure.

A piano duet was finely played by Miss Oma Walters and Miss Ivy Patten. An organ solo by Miss Ida Olsen was remarkably done. Mrs. Busard sang with excellent voice a song, "Far Away," her enunciation being a noticeable feature. A piano solo by Miss Oma Walters was finely rendered. Miss Carrie Winnek and Master Johnny Evans, an organ duet. Miss Maggie Rayl, one of the more advanced pupils, sang in excellent taste a song, "Take Me, Jamie Dear." The "Storm," a piano solo played by Miss Ivy Patten, was much applauded.

The female quartet closed the evening's programme with "Serenade" by Bishop.

The audience manifested their appreciation by renaming seated and calling for volunteers to continue the entertainment. By solicitation, Miss Winnek, from Boston, Mass., a fine contralto singer, but especially entertaining in humorous song, sang "Katy's Love Letter," giving the audience much amusement and a hearty laugh.

Then Miss Carrie Winnek was called to play an organ solo which she rendered with artistic ability. Miss Fila Winnek followed with one of Haydn's selections, singing as usual in her classical style. Also, a duet by Mendelssohn, sung by Miss Fila and Miss Winnek. The Baptist choir sang one of their church selections in their usual good style, which was the finale.

Prospect.

The reunion of the Gast family occurred Thursday, and a grand time is said to have been enjoyed. The weather was propitious and there was a large attendance. The programme consisted of music by the two bands an address of welcome by G. F. Galt of Columbus, and impromptu speeches.

Last Sunday afternoon Miss Anna, the bright little 12 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. I. F. Giddens died a victim of diphtheria. The parents were greatly grieved over the loss of the sunshine of their home, and the community misses the little one that every body so much admired. A large number of our people attended the State fair this week, and some few participated in the exhibitions. Prospect will do her full share at the coming Marion fair.

Prospect, O., Sept 6.

LaRue.

While Dr. Copeland is frisking about at Magnolia Springs some one else must see that LaRue is not neglected in the same. It is probably bathing and eating ice cream at the Springs and we hope improv-

We are not the first to greet the public with a Fall and Winter advertisement, but we are the first in regard to Cutting, Making and Trimming of

Fashionable Garments!

Our Stock is now Complete in FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH & DOMESTIC SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, TROUSERINGS AND FANCY VESTINGS!

CLEMENT BROTHERS,

Two doors west of Postoffice, Marion, O.

ing his health. W. G. Lucas formerly of Marion has purchased a piece of land of I. P. Dodd and will make LaRue his future home. Crowley & Wherry have had a foundation for a new brick building that will be completed this fall and occupied by them as a saloon. The LaRue Creamery company has been organized, and will soon be established in a building west of the river that I. F. Marsh is building. Early Monday morning Dr. Sawyer's stable burned to the ground. The work of the firemen saved the flames spreading, and the building was covered by insurance, so the loss is not great. C. D.

EVERYBODY SHOULD DRINK MILK.

A Physician Says It's a Better Tonic Than Malt Preparation.

It was a long, low, unlighted apartment, the rough joists and beams being simply coated with whitewash. The clear ash floor was scrubbed to a snowy white gloss, and the few chairs that the room contained were placed against the wall in a prim sort of way that seemed to indicate that they had not been displaced in some time. Along one side of this apartment were racks upon which were pans of milk, tier on tier, nearly to the ceiling. Milk cans of various sizes stood about and a long iron sink contained milk bottles that a young maid was busily scalding. It was, in fact, the milk room of a Jersey dairyman. The young girl informed a reporter that her father would be in in a few minutes. He came presently, followed by two stout farm hands, each bearing two brimming pails of milk which were speedily transferred to newly scalded bottles. The farmer remarked that those Alderneys would have to get more corn meal, because they were invalid cows and must be well fed. Then he noticed the visitor and nodded a good morning.

"Why are they invalid cows?" asked the newsmen.

"Why, you see, there are a certain class of customers who drink lots of milk simply for medicine. There's a lady on Madison avenue, in New York, that takes three quarts a day, and I'm told she drinks it all herself. Some of these people are regular cranks, and the moment you give them milk from a new cow, they spot it. There was a little Jersey heifer, 3 years old, that used to give beautiful milk almost as golden as the butter that could be made from it, and this I furnished to a consumptive individual on Twenty third street. He seemed to thrive on it, and actually began to gain flesh, though his physician had assured him that there was little hope. Well, I got a chance to sell the cow, and as she gave so little milk I did so. My customer was nearly wild when I told him that this accounted for the change in the milk. He inquired anxiously as to who purchased and sent post haste to the man. He was just in time to prevent the animal's becoming beef. The heifer thus saved from the butcher's knife was placed in a fine stable, fed like a queen, and the owner had the two or more quarts of milk furnished every day for his own use.

"I often drink milk myself when I don't feel well, and it always does me good. Nearly every milkman has individual customers who take milk purely because they think it strengthens the system."

A prominent city physician subsequently seen by the reporter said: "I regard milk as a better tonic than most preparations. It helps the impoverished blood and furnishes a nutriment easily taken by the system. The principal parts of the milk are the olein or oily parts, the casein or cheesy portion, and the phosphates of lime and potash. In butter we get the olein, in cheese the olein and casein together, because the casein, when the curd forms, holds the olein together. In cases of typhoid fever I give milk altogether, and I have known many a person to be brought from death's door through its agency.

It is now a common practice to inject milk into the blood when it is impoverished. That fluid takes it up and appropriates it in some unaccountable way and people's lives have been saved in this way. I drink a glass of milk every night before going to bed, and have for years.—New York Mail and Express.

Girls Who Bathed in Linen Wrappers.

I heard of a strange thing the first day I was at Ocean Grove. A bevy of raw country girls from somewhere in the pine forests came on an excursion. They wanted to bathe, but they declared they would not appear in the suits they saw all the other women wearing. They wanted it understood that they would never dare to look at their faces in a glass again if they were ever seen in such immodest attire. So, what in patience name do you suppose they did? They went down the beach to a shanty, with whose inmates one of them was acquainted, and presently reappeared clothed from head to feet in linen wrappers. They thought it unnecessary to have anything under those garments. In that garb they took the water. Fortunately to them, it happened that there were not more than twenty men and boys at that part of the beach, but the whole twenty ran after them laughing and hooting at them when they emerged from the water, with those paper like wrappers sticking to their bodies like so many suits of adhesive plaster. Some of them looked very much like artists' models and some (those that were calico with a big pattern printed on it) looked more like tattooed sisters of that Greek who travels with Harum, and whose body resembles an animated section of a frescoed wall.—Ocean Grove Letter to Albany Journal.

TRISTRAM & YOUNG

Are offering Special Inducements in

School Shoes!

For the Children. They are also getting in new goods every day, and then the footwear for ladies and misses was never better. They wish to especially call attention to the widths they handle—

A, B, C, D, E, E-E & F,

Which guarantee a fit to any foot. No other dealer handles such a variety of widths.

TRISTRAM & YOUNG,

The Strictly Cash Boot and Shoe Dealers,
Main St., opp. C. H., Marion, O.

BUY YOUR GLASS FRUIT JARS!

AT THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

A Delusion and a Fraud.

Surf bathing is a delusion and a fraud. With the temperature of the water at 70 degrees you gasp and gurgle and feel as if someone was shooting icicles through you. You finally dip under with a yell, and the yell is changed to a sort of "whoopie!" as a pint of the briny fluid sails down your throat and proceeds to salt your pork for you. There are shells to pare down your heels, and there are heartless crabs which make it a business to fool your toes and hang by you. Floundering men kick you in the stomach, and excited females grab the calves of your legs in their wild endeavors to with stand the breakers. The idea is not to swim, but to let the rollers tumble you about until your ears fill up with sand and your stomach with water, and your eyes can no longer do duty. You come out feeling clammy. You may use half a dozen towels, but the clammy feeling remains and abides with you for a good half day. It is as if some one had taken a pork rind out of an ice chest and kindly greased you from head to foot.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Philately.

Philately, the euphonious name for the postage stamp collecting mania, as well as the new industry—the trade in postage stamps—it created, are celebrating their twenty-fifth jubilee this year. It is an error to suppose that this "passion" has gradually subsided, in Germany, certainly, it has largely increased within the last two or three years. A single wholesale dealer in the southern part of the empire imported last year no less than 23,000,000 foreign postage stamps, representing a weight of 1,610 kilos.—Paris American Magistrate.

Ask your retailer for the Original 83 Shoe Beware of Imitations.

None Genuine unless bearing this Stamp

JAMES MEANS' 83 SHOE.

Made in Boston, Congress & Lace. Best Calf Skin. Unexcelled in Durability, Comfort and Appearance. A postage stamp as we will bring you information how to get this shoe in any State or Territory.

J. Means & Co., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

83 SHOE.

Butt.

This shoe stands higher in the estimation of wearers than any other in the world. Thousands who wear it will tell you the reason if you ask them.

The Faith Dog Disappearing.

The bounty of 5 cents for each and every prairie dog by the territory has had the effect of greatly diminishing the number of these pests. Sculpins are pouring into the clerks' offices, and warrants aggregating heavy sums have already been drawn in favor of prairie dog slayers. The prairie dog is a pest which the farmers of the west must rid themselves of. Grass, growing grain and vegetables are subject not only to attack from them but to absolute extermination. Instances have, of late years, been frequent where the work of an entire spring, and consequently the fruits of a year's toil and care have been rendered nugatory and destroyed by one week's work of the dogs. On the cattle ranges, too, they are dreaded. Here they not only destroy the grass of immense areas, but their stings, deep burrows, open and innumerable, are the prolific source of accidents to riders, frequently deadly in character. (Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader.

